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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SECOND PART.

IF we have traced in any measure aright the course of Coleridge's life, no more is needed to show what were his failings and his errors. It more concerns us to ask what permanent fruit of all that he thought, and did, and suffered under the sun, there still remains, now that he has lain more than thirty years in his grave. To answer this fully is impossible in the case of any man, much more in the case of one who has been a great thinker rather than a great doer; for many of his best ideas will have so melted into the general atmosphere of thought, that it will be hard to separate them from the complex whole, and trace them back to their original source. But the abler men of his own generation were not slow to confess how much they owed to him. In poetry, Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself as indebted to him for the opening keynote of *The Lay of The Last Minstrel*. In the metre, sentiment, and drapery of that first canto, it is not difficult to trace the influence of *Christabel*, then unpublished, but well known. Wordsworth, aloof from his contemporaries, and self-sufficing as he was, felt Coleridge to be his equal—"the only wonderful man I have ever known." Arnold, at a later day, called him the greatest intellect that England had produced within his memory, and shared with, perhaps learned from, him, some of his leading thoughts, as that the identification of the church with the clergy was "the first and fundamental apostasy." Dr. Newman pointed to Coleridge's works long ago as a proof that the minds of men in England were then yearning for something higher and deeper than what had satisfied the last age. Julius Hare speaks of him as "the great religious philosopher, to whom the mind of our generation in England owes more than to any other man." Mr. Maurice has everywhere spoken with deeper reverence of him than of any other teacher of these later times. Mr. Mill has said that "no one has contributed more to shape the opinions among younger men,

who can be said to have any opinions at all." These words were written five-and-twenty years ago. Whether he still exercises anything of the same influence over younger men seems more than doubtful. Very possibly Mr. Mill himself, and others of that way of thinking, may have superseded him. Yet though his name may have grown less, his works remain, and may be tested even by another generation that knew not Coleridge, by the thoughts which they contain.

These works are most of them fragmentary, and this forms one difficulty in rightly estimating them. Another, and perhaps greater, lies in the width, we had almost said the universality, of their range. Most original thinkers have devoted themselves to but a few lines of inquiry. Coleridge's thought may be almost said to have been as wide as life. To apply to himself the word which he first coined, or rather translated, from some obscure Byzantine, to express Shakspeare's quality, he was a "myriad-minded man." He touched being at almost every point, and wherever he touched it, he opened up some shafts of truth hitherto unperceived. He who would fully estimate Coleridge's contributions to thought would have to consider him as a poet, a critic, a political philosopher, a moralist, and a theologian. But without hazarding anything like so large an attempt, a few brief remarks may be offered on what he has done in some of these so widely different paths.

It was as a poet that Coleridge was first known, and the wish has many times been expressed that he had continued to be so, and never tried philosophy. No doubt he had imagination enough, as some one has said, to have furnished an outfit for a thousand poets, and it may be that *Christabel* will be read longer than any prose work he has written. But this belongs both to the substance and the form of all poetry that is perfect after its kind. Gray's *Elegy* will probably survive longer, and will certainly be more widely read, than the best philosophic pieces of Hume, Berkeley, or Butler. This, however, does not prove that these thinkers have not done more for human

thought than that most grateful of poets. Again, it may be that imagination such as Coleridge's may be as legitimately employed in interpenetrating and quickening the reason, and revivifying domains of philosophy, which are apt to grow narrow or dead through prosaic formalism, as in purely poetic creation. Moreover, there were perhaps in Coleridge some special powers of fine analysis and introverted speculation, which seem to have predestined him for other work than poetry; just as there were some special wants, arising either from natural temperament or early education, which marred or impoverished his full poetic equipment. He had never lived much in the open air; he had no large storehouse of facts or images, either drawn from observation of outward nature, or from more than common acquaintance with any modes of human life or sides of human character, such as Wordsworth and Scott in different ways had. It was not the nature of his mind to dwell lovingly on concrete things, but rather, by its strong generalizing bias, to be borne off continually into the abstract. Therefore we cannot think that Coleridge would have done more, either for the delight or the benefit of mankind, if he had stuck wholly to poetry, or that he did otherwise than fulfil his destiny by giving way to his philosophic instinct.

His daughter has said that he had four poetic epochs, representing, more or less, boyhood, early manhood, middle, and declining life. To trace these carefully is not for this place. The juvenile poems, those of the first epoch, though showing here and there hints of the coming power, contain, as a whole, nothing which would make them live, were it not for what came afterwards. He himself has said that these poems are disfigured by too great exuberance of double epithets, and by general turgidity. These mark, perhaps, the tumult of his thick-thronging thoughts, struggling to utter themselves with force and freshness, yet not quite disengaged from the old commonplaces of poetic diction, from "eve's dusky car," and from those frigid personifications of abstract qualities in which the former age delighted. Of these early poems, one of the most interesting is that on the death of Chatterton, in which, though the form somewhat recalls the odes of Collins and Gray, his native self ever here and there breaks through. Some of them are pensive with his early sorrow, others fierce and turbid with his revolutionary fervours. The longest and

most important, styled *Religious Musings*, which Bowles ranked so high, might easily, notwithstanding some fine thoughts, suggest one of his rhapsodies in a Unitarian chapel cut into blank verse. The religious sentiments it contains are frigid and bombastic; the politics denunciatory of existing things, of

"Warriors, lords, and priests, all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life."

They contain, however, some true thoughts, well put, though tinged with his Revolution dreams, on the good and evil that have sprung out of the institution of property, and a fine apostrophe to all the sin-defiled and sorrow-laden ones, whose day of deliverance yet waits.

It had been well if the poems of the second period, which were mostly written during the Bristol and Nether Stowey periods, and now make up the chief part of the *Sibylline Leaves*, had been arranged in the order in which they were composed. This would have thrown much light on them, arising as they do out of either the events of the time or of Coleridge's personal circumstances. Compared with those of the former period, the stream flows more even and unbroken. The crude philosophy has all but disappeared, the blank verse is now more fused and melodious, the rhythm of thought more mellow, the religious sentiment, where it does appear, no longer reasoning, but meditative, is more chastened and deep. These poems, it must have been, which were to De Quincey "the ray of a new morning, a revealing of untrodden worlds, till then unsuspected amongst men." Such Wilson found them, and so in a measure they have been to many since. But in re-reading them, after an interval of years, this is somehow felt less vividly. Is it that time has weakened the relish for poetry, or that the new fragrance they once gave forth has so filled the poetic atmosphere that it makes itself now less distinctly felt? Whichever way it be, these accidents of personal feeling do not affect their real worth. Of two fine poems written at Clevedon, the one on the "Eolian Harp," contains a passage that may be compared with a well-known, some might call it, a Pantheistic, one in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." The other, "Reflections on leaving a Place of Retirement," breathes a beautiful, though too brief, spirit of happiness and content. In the same gentle vein are the "Lines to his Brother George," and "Frost at Midnight," in

which the blank verse is finely fused and nearly perfect. But higher and of wider compass are the three political poems, the ode on "The Departing Year," written at the close of 1796, "France," an ode, written in February 1797, and "Tears in Solitude," in 1798. The last of these opens and closes with some of his best blank verses, full of lambent light and his own exquisite music, though the middle is troubled with somewhat intemperate politics, pamphleteeringly expressed. The ode on "France," when his fond hopes of the Revolution ended in disappointment, is a strain of noblest poetry. It opens with a call on the clouds, the waves, the sun, the sky, all that is freest in nature, to bear witness

"With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."

And closes with these grand lines:—

"O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor
ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscene slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, the playmate
of the waves!
And there, I felt thee! on that sea-cliff's
verge,
Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze
above,
Had made one murmur with the distant
surge!
Yes! while I stood and gazed, my temples
bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and
air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!"

Equal, perhaps, to any of the above, are the lines he addressed to Wordsworth, after hearing that poet read aloud the first draft of "The Prelude":—

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine, of high and passionate
thoughts,
To their own music chanted! . . .
And when, O friend! my comforter and
guide!
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give
strength,
Thy long-sustained song finally closed,

And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou
thyself

Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—

Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its
close,

I sat, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or re-
solve?)

Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer."

Of the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, the two prime creations of the Nether Stowey period, and indeed of all Coleridge's poetry, nothing need here be said. Time has now stamped these as after their kind unsurpassed by any creation of his own generation, or perhaps of any generation of England's poetry. The view with which these two masterpieces were begun, as the two brother poets walked on Quantock, has been detailed elsewhere. Coleridge was to choose supernatural or romantic characters, and clothe them from his own imagination with a human interest and a semblance of truth. It would be hard to analyse the strange witchery that is in both, especially in *Christabel*: the language, so simple and natural, yet so aerially musical, the rhythm so original, yet so fitted to the story, and the glamour over all, a glamour so peculiar to the poet's self. The first part belongs to Quantock, the second was composed several years later at the Lakes, yet still the tale is but half told. Would it have gained or lost in power had it been completed?

His third poetic epoch includes his whole sojourn at the Lakes, and the fourth the rest of his life. The poems of these two periods are few altogether, and what there are, more meditative than formerly, sometimes even hopelessly dejected. "Youth and Age," written just before leaving the Lakes, with a strangely aged tone for a man of only seven or eight and thirty, has a quaint beauty; to adapt its own words, it is like sadness, that "tells the jest without the smile." There are some of this time, however, in another strain, as the beautiful lines called "The Knight's Tomb," and "Recollections of Love." After the Lake time, there was still less poetry; only when, as in the "Visionary Hope," and the "Pains of Sleep," the frequent despondency or severe suffering which weighed down his later years sought relief in brief verse. Yet, belonging to the third or fourth periods, there are short gnomic lines, in which, if the visionary have disappeared, the wisdom wrought by time and meditation is excellently condensed. Such are these:—

"Frail creatures are we all ; to be the best
Is but the fewest faults to have ;
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave."

Or the Complaint and Reply : —

"How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits
Honours or wealth with all his toil and pains.
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPLY.

"For shame, dear friend forego this canting strain ;
What wouldst thou have the good great man obtain ?
Wealth, titles, salary, a gilded chain ;
Or throne of corpses which his sword had slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? — Three treasures,
Life and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night —
Himself, his maker, and the Angel Death."

If from his own poetry we pass to his judgments on the poetry of others, we shall see an exemplification of the adage, "Set a poet to catch a poet." Here for once were fulfilled the necessary conditions of a critic or judge, in the highest sense ; that is, a man possessing in himself abundantly the originaive poetic faculty which he is to judge of in others, combined with that power of sober generalization, and delicate, patient analysis, which, if poets possess, they generally find it irksome to exercise. This is but another way of saying, that before a man can pass worthy judgment on a thing, he must know that thing at first, and not at second, hand. The other kind of critic is he who, though with little or none of the poetic gift in himself, has yet, from a careful study of the great master-models of the art, deduced certain canons by which to judge of poetry universally. But a critic of this kind, as the world has many a time seen, whenever he is called upon to estimate some new and original work of art, like to which the past supplies no models, is wholly at fault. His canons no longer serve him, and the native sympathetic insight he has not. To judge aright in such a case takes another order of critic ; one who knows after another and more immediate manner of

knowing ; one who does not judge merely by what the past has done, but who, by the poet's heart within him, is made quick to welcome whatever new thing, however seemingly irregular, a young poet may create. Such a critic was Coleridge. An imagination richer and more penetrative than that of most poets of his time ; a power of philosophic reflection and of subtle discrimination, almost over-active ; a sympathy and insight of marvellous universality ; and a learning "laden with the spoils of all times," — these things made him the greatest — we had almost said, the only truly philosophic — critic England has yet seen.

Of his critical power, the two most eminent examples are his chapters on Wordsworth's poetry in the *Biographia Literaria*, and his notes on Shakspeare in the *Literary Remains*. If one wished to learn what genuine criticism should be, where else in our country's literature would he find so worthy a model as in that dissertation on Wordsworth ? An excellent authority has lately said that the business of "criticism, is to know the best thing that is known or thought in the world, and to make this known to others." In these chapters on Wordsworth, Coleridge has done something more than this. In opposition to the blind and utterly worthless criticism which Jeffery represented, he thought out for himself, and laid down the principles on which Wordsworth or any other poet such as he should be judged, and showed these principles to be grounded, not on the caprices of the hour, but on the essential and permanent elements which human nature contains. He gave definitions of poetry in its essential nature, and showed, in opposition to Wordsworth's preface, wherein poetry really differs from prose. We wish we could stay to quote his description of the poet and his work, in their ideal perfection. Then how truly and with what fine analysis he discriminates between the language of prose and of metre ! How good is his account of the origin of metre ! "This I would trace to the balance in the mind, effected by that spontaneous effort which strives to hold in check the workings of passion." There is more to be learned about poetry from a few pages of that dissertation, confined though it is to a specific kind of poetry, than from all the reviews that have been written in English on poets and their works from Addison to the present hour. Nor is the result of the whole a mere defence or indiscriminating eulogy on Wordsworth, rudely as that poet was then assailed by those who were also Coleridge's own re-

vilers. From several of Wordsworth's theories about poetry he dissents entirely, especially from the whole of his remarks on the sameness of the language of prose and verse. At times, too, he finds fault with his practice, and lays his hand on faulty passages and defective poems, in which he traces the influence of false theory; while the true merits of these poems he places not on mere blind preference or individual taste, but on a solid foundation of principles. These principles few or none at that time acknowledged, but they have since won the assent of all competent judges. Canons of judgment they are, not mechanical, but living. They do not furnish the reader with a set of rules which he can take up and apply ready-made. But they require, before they can be used aright, to be assimilated by thought — made our own inwardly. They open the eye to see, generate the power of seeing for one's self, call forth from within a living standard of judgment, which is based on truth and nature.

Again, turn to his criticisms on Shakspeare and the Drama. They are but brief notes, scattered leaves, written by himself or taken down by others, from lectures given mainly in London. His lectures were in general wholly oral, and were best when delivered with no scrap of paper before him. But short as these notes are, they mark, and helped to cause, a revolution in men's ways of thinking about Shakspeare. First he taught, and himself exemplified, that he who would understand Shakspeare must not, Dr. Johnson-wise, seat himself on the critical throne, and thence deliver verdict, as on an inferior, or at best a mere equal; but that he has need to come before all things with reverence, as for the poet of all poets, and that, wanting this, he wants one of the senses the "language of which he is to employ." Again, Coleridge was the first who clearly saw through and boldly denounced the nonsense that had been talked about Shakspeare's irregularity and extravagance. Before his time it had been customary to speak of Shakspeare as of some great abnormal creature, some fine but rude barbarian, full of all sorts of blemishes and artistic solecisms, which were to be tolerated for the sake of the beauties which counterbalanced them. In the face of all this he ventured to ask, "Are then the plays of Shakspeare works of rude uncultivated genius, in which the splendour of the parts compensates for the barbarous shapelessness and irregularity of the whole? Or is the form equally admirable with the matter,

and the judgment of the poet not less deserving our admiration than his genius?" The answer which he gave to his own question, and which he enforced with manifold argument, is in effect that the judgment of Shakspeare is as great as his genius; "nay, that his genius reveals itself in his judgment as in its most exalted form." In arguing against those who at that time "were still trammelled with the notion of the Greek unities, and who thought that apologies were due for Shakspeare's neglect of them, he showed how the form of Shakspeare's dramas was suited to the substance, not less than the form of the Greek dramas to theirs. He pointed out the contrast between mechanic form superinduced from without, and organic form growing from within; that if Shakspeare or any modern were to hold by the Greek dramatic unities, he would be imposing on his creations a dead form from without, instead of letting them shape themselves from within, and clothe themselves with a natural and living form, as the tree clothes itself with its bark. Another point which Coleridge insists on in these lectures and throughout his works, a point often unheeded, sometimes directly denied, is the close connection between just taste and pure morality, because true taste springs out of the ground of the moral nature of man. We cannot now follow him into detail, and show the new light which he has thrown on Shakspeare's separate plays, and on his leading characters. We can but remark in passing, that Hamlet was the character in exposition of which Coleridge first proved his Shaksperian insight. In the *Table Talk* he says, "In fact, I have a smack of Hamlet in myself." If any one wishes to see what a really masterly elucidation of a subtle character is, let him turn to the remarks on Hamlet in the second volume of the *Literary Remains*. We had intended to quote it here entire, but space forbids. This and other of Coleridge's Shakspearian criticisms have been claimed for Schlegel. But most of these had, we believe, been given to the world in lectures before Schlegel's book appeared; and as to this exposition of Hamlet, Hazlitt bears witness that he had heard it from Coleridge before his visit to Germany in 1798. That view of Hamlet has long since become almost a common place in literature, but the idea of it was first conceived and expressed by Coleridge. Some of the other criticisms may be more subtle than many may care to follow. But any one who shall master these notes on Shakspeare, taken as a whole, will find in them more fine analysis of the hidden things of the

heart, more truthful insight into the workings of passion, than are to be found in whole treatises of psychology.

Any survey of Coleridge's speculations would be incomplete if it did not include some account of his political philosophy, which holds so prominent a place among them. Not that he ever was a party politician,—his whole nature was averse to this,—but his mind was too universal in its range, his sympathy with all human interests too strong, to have allowed him to pass by these questions. But happily, the thorough and comprehensive discussion of this department of Coleridge's thought, which occupies the greater part of Mr. Mill's celebrated essay, relieves us from the necessity of entering on that subject here. There is, however, one important point to which that distinguished writer fails to advert. He speaks of Coleridge as an original thinker, but "within the bounds of traditional opinions," and as looking at received beliefs from within. But it must surely have been known to Mr. Mill that Coleridge, during his youth and early manhood, stood as entirely outside of established opinions, and looked at existing institutions as purely from without as it was possible to do. No extremest young radical of the present hour, when intellectual radicalism has once again become a fashion, can question received beliefs more freely, or assail the established order more fearlessly, than Coleridge in his fervent youth did. The convictions on politics and religion, therefore, in which he ultimately rested, are entitled to the weight, whatever it be, of having been formed by one who all his life long sought truth from every quarter, not from within traditionary beliefs only, but for many years from without also; and who, when his thought had gone full circle, became conservative, if that word is to be applied to him, not from self-interest or expediency, or from weariness of thinking, but after ample experience and mature reflection. With this one remark on his political side we pass on.

Criticism, such as we have described above, presupposes profound and comprehensive thought on questions not lying within, but based on wider principles beyond itself. His critical studies, if nothing else, would have driven Coleridge back on metaphysics. But it was the same with whatever subject he took up, whether art or politics, or morals or theology. Everywhere he strove to reach a bottoming,—to grasp the living idea which gave birth to

the system or institution, and kept it alive. Even in those of his works, as the *Literary Life*, *The Friend*, and the *Lay Sermons*, which most enter into practical details, the granite every here and there crops out, the underlying philosophy appears. But that searching for fundamental principles, which seems to have been in him from the first an intellectual necessity, was increased by that morbidly introverted turn of mind which, at some stages of his life, had nearly overbalanced him. In an often-quoted passage from the *Ode to Dejection*, written at Keswick in 1802, he laments the decay within himself of the shaping imagination, and says, that

... "By abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man;
This was my sole resource, my only plan,
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

This passage opens a far glimpse into his mental history. It shows how metaphysics, for which he had from the first an innate propension, became from circumstances almost an unhealthy craving. What then was his ultimate metaphysical philosophy? This is not set forth systematically in any of his works, but we must gather it, as best we can, from disquisitions scattered through them all. And here we must be allowed to call to mind a few elementary matters, which, however trite to students of philosophy, are necessary to be borne in mind for the clear understanding of Coleridge's position.

Every one knows that from the dawn of thought down to the present hour, the question as to the origin of knowledge has been the Sphinx's riddle to philosophers. This strange thing named thought, what is it? This wondrous fabric we call knowledge, whence comes it? It is a web woven out of something, but is it wholly or chiefly woven from outward materials, or mainly wrought by self-evolving powers from within? Or, if due to the combined action of these, what part does each contribute? How much is due to the raw material, how much to the weaver who fashions it? These questions, even if they be insoluble, will never cease to provoke the scrutiny of every new generation of thoughtful men. There always have been a set of thinkers who have regarded outward things as the fixed reality, which impresses representations of itself on mind as on a passive recipient. There have always existed also another set, who have held the mind to be

a free creative energy, evolving from itself the laws of its own thinking, and stamping on outward things the forms which are inherent in its own constitution. The one have held that outward things are genetic of knowledge, and that what are called laws of thought are wholly imposed on the mind by qualities which belong essentially to outward things. The others have maintained that it is the mind which is genetic, and that in reality makes what it sees. This great question, as Mr. Mill has well said, "would not so long have remained a question, if the more obvious arguments on either side had been unanswerable." There must, however, be a point of view, if we could reach it, from which these opposing tendencies of thought shall be seen to combine into one harmonious whole. But the man who shall achieve this final synthesis, and the age which shall witness it, are probably still far distant. Philosophic thought in Britain has in the main leant towards the external side, towards that extreme which makes the mind out of the senses, and maintains experience to be the ultimate ground of all belief. This way of thinking, so congenial to the prevailing English temper of mind, dates from at least as far back as Hobbes, but was first fairly established, almost like a part of the British Constitution, by the famous essay of Locke. In his polemic against innate ideas he asserted two sources of all knowledge. "Our observation," he says, "employed either about external sensible, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with materials of thinking." The latter of these two sources, here somewhat vaguely announced, was never very strongly insisted upon by Locke himself, and was by his followers speedily discarded. This development of Locke's system is seen most clearly in Hume, who divided all the mind's furniture into impressions or lively perceptions, as when we see, hear, hate, desire, will; and ideas or faint perceptions, which are copies of our sensible or lively impressions. So that with him all the materials of thought are derived from outward sense, or inward sentiment or emotion.

Contemporary with Hume, and like him a follower of Locke, Hartley appeared at Cambridge, and carried out the same views to still more definite issues. He gathered up and systematized the materialistic views which were at that time floating about his university. Being, like Locke, a physician, he imported into his system a much larger

amount of his professional knowledge, and sought to explain the movements of thought by elaborate physiological theories. He held that vibrations in the white medullary substance of the brain are the immediate causes of sensation, and that these first vibrations give birth to vibratiuncles or miniatures of themselves which are conceptions, or the simple ideas of sensible things. In another point he differed from Locke, in that, discarding Reflection, he brought more prominently forward Association, as the great weaving power of the mental fabric, which compounds all our ideas, and gives birth to all our faculties. Such theories as these were the chief philosophical aliment to be found in England when Coleridge was a young man. At Cambridge, having entered Hartley's college, where the name of that philosopher was still held in honour, Coleridge became his ardent disciple. In the Religious Musings, after Milton and Newton, he speaks of Hartley as

"He of mortal kind
Wisest; the first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres to the sentient brain."

Materialistic though his system was, Hartley was himself a believer in Christianity, and a religious man. His philosophical system came to be in high favour with Priestley and the Unitarians towards the end of last century; so that when Coleridge became a Hartleian, he adopted Necessitarian views of the will, and Unitarian tenets in religion. A Materialist, a Necessitarian, a Unitarian, such was Coleridge during his Cambridge and Bristol sojourn. But it was not possible that he should be permanently holden of these things. There were ideal lights and moral yearnings within him which would burst these bonds. The piece of divinity that was in him would not always do homage to Materialism.

Before he visited Germany he had begun to awake out of his Hartleianism. It had occurred to him that all association—Hartley's great instrument—"presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated." In short, association cannot account for its own laws. All that association does is to use these laws, or latent *a priori* forms, to wit, contiguity of time and place, resemblance, contrast, so as to bring particular things under them. When two things have been thus brought together under one law—say contiguity in time—they may get so connected in thought that it becomes difficult to conceive them apart. But it never can be impossible so to con-

ceive them; that is, to separate them in thought. Further, he began to see that the hypothesis of all knowledge, being derived from sense, does not get rid of the need of a living intellectual mechanism, which makes these copies from sensible impressions. His own illustration is, the existence of an original picture, say Raphael's Transfiguration, does not account for the existence of a copy of it; but rather the copyist must have put forth the same powers, and gone through the same process, as the first painter did when he made the original picture. Or take that instance, which is a kind of standing Hougoumont to sensational and idealistic combatants—we mean causality, or the belief that every event must have a cause. Sensationalists, from Hume to Mr. Mill, have laboured to derive this, the grand principle of all inductive reasoning, from invariable experience. Mr. Mill's theory, the latest and most accredited from that side, thus explains it. He says that we arrive, by simple enumeration of individual instances, first at one and then at another particular uniformity, till we have collected a large number of such uniformities, or groups of cases in which the law of causation holds good. From this collection of the more obvious particular uniformities, in all of which the law of causation holds, we generalize the universal law of causation, or the belief that all things whatever have a cause; and then we proceed to apply this law so generalized as an inductive instrument to discover those other particular laws which go to make up itself, but which have hitherto eluded our investigation. Thus, according to this philosopher, we arrive at the universal law by generalizing from many laws of inferior generality. But as these last do not rest on rigid induction, but only on simple enumeration of instances, the universal law can not lay claim to any greater cogency than the inferior laws on which it rests. One authenticated instance in which the law of causality does not hold may upset our belief in the universal validity of that law; and that there may be worlds in which it is so upset—in which events succeed each other at random, and by no fixed law—Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving. But this is really a *reductio ad absurdum*. This world of causeless disorder, which Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving, is simply inconceivable by any intelligence. If such a world were proved to exist, we should be compelled to believe that for this absence of order there is a cause, or group of causes; just as we know there is a cause,

or group of causes, for the presence of that order which we know to exist as far as our knowledge extends. This necessity to think a cause for every existence or event, a necessity which we cannot get rid of, forms the essential peculiarity of the notion of causality; marking it out as a necessary form of thought, born from within, and not gathered from experience. That which is created by experience is strengthened by the same. But this belief that every event must have a cause, is one which, as soon as we have clearly comprehended the terms, we feel to be inevitable. Experience, no doubt, first brings this cognition out into distinct consciousness; but as soon as we reflect on it, we discover that it must have been present as a constituent element of that very experience. Of causality, then, as of time and space, it may be said, to adapt the language of an able young metaphysician, "themselves cognitions generalized from experience, and, in that point of view, later than experience; they are discovered to have been also elements of those very cognitions of experience from which they have been generalized, present in them as constituent elements, undistinguished before analysis."

They are elements of any and every particular experience, entering into every one of them as its necessary form." Or, as Coleridge put it, "Though first revealed to us by experience, they must yet have pre-existed in order to make experience itself possible; even as the eye must exist previously to any particular act of seeing, though by sight only can we know that we have eyes." And again, "How can we make bricks without straw, or build without cement? We learn things, indeed, by occasion of experience; but the very facts so learned force us inward on the antecedents that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible."

These and suchlike thoughts were sure to arise in a mind naturally so open to the idealistic side of thought as that of Coleridge, and to shake to pieces the materialistic fabric in which he had for a time enshrouded himself. And not merely intellectual misgiving would work this way, but the soul's deeper cravings. Driven by hunger of heart, he wandered from the school of Locke and Hartley, successively on through those of Berkeley, Leibnitz, and, we believe, Spinoza, and finding in them no abiding place, began to despair of philosophy. To this crisis of his history probably apply these words:—

"I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed

in, broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fountal truths of natural religion and the books of revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my 'ark touched on an Ararat and rested.'"

About this time he fell in with the works of the German and other mystics — Tauler, Böhmen, George Fox, and William Law, and in them he found the same kind of help which Luther had found in Tauler: —

"The writings of these mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They helped to keep alive the heart within the head; gave me an indistinct yet stirring and working presentiment that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not as yet penetrated, if they were to afford my soul food or shelter. If they were a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet were they a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief."

It was in the company of these men that he first got clear of the trammels of the mere understanding, and learned that there is higher truth than the faculty can compass and circumscribe. The learned seemed to him for several generations to have walked entirely by the light of this mere understanding, and to have confined their investigations strictly within certain conventional limits, beyond which lay all that is most interesting and vital to man. To enthusiasts, illiterate and simple men of heart, they left it to penetrate towards the inmost centre, "the indwelling and living ground of all things." And then he came to this conviction which he never afterwards abandoned, that if the intellect will not acknowledge a higher and deeper ground than it contains within itself, if, making itself the centre of its system, it seeks to square all things by its own laws, it must, if it follows out fearlessly its own reasoning, land in Pantheism or some form of blank unbelief. While his mind was seething with these thoughts it was that he first studied the works of Kant, and these, he says, took possession of him as with a giant's hand. Henceforth his metaphysical creed was moulded mainly by the Kantian principles. This is not the place to attempt to enter on the slightest exposition of these. But, to speak popularly, it may be said that the gist of

Kant's system is not to make the mind out of the senses, as Hume had done, but the senses out of the mind. As Locke and Hume had started from without, so he started from within, making the one fixed truth, the only ground of reality, to consist, not in that which the senses furnish, but in that which the understanding supplies to make sensible knowledge possible. His prime question was, How is experience possible? And this possibility he found in the *a priori* forms of the sensory time and space, and in the *a priori* forms or categories of the understanding, which by their activity bind together into one the multifarious and otherwise unintelligized intimations of sense. It is sense that supplies the understanding with the raw material; this the understanding passes through its machinery, and, by virtue of its inherent concept-forms, reduces it to order, makes it conceivable and intelligible. But the understanding is limited in its operation to phenomena of experience, and whenever it steps beyond this and applies its categories to super-sensible things, it lands itself in contradictions. It cannot arrive at any other truth than that which is valid within man's experience. Ultimate truths, valid for all intelligences, if such there be, are beyond its reach.

Had Kant's philosophy stopped here it would not have done much more for Coleridge than Locke's and Hartley's had done. It was because Kant asserted the existence in man of another faculty, distinct from and higher than understanding, namely, Reason, that Coleridge found him so helpful. The term *Reason* Kant employed in another than our ordinary sense, as the faculty of ultimate truths or necessary principles. He distinguished, however, between Reason in its speculative and in its practical use. Speculative Reason he held to be exclusively a regulative faculty, having only a formal and logical use. This use is to connect our judgments together into conclusions, according to the three forms of reasoning, — the categorical, the hypothetical, and the disjunctive. These three methods are the ideas of Speculative Reason by which it strives to produce unity and perfectness among the judgments of the understanding. As long as the ideas of Speculative Reason are thus used to control and bring into unity the conceptions of the discursive understanding, they are used rightly, and within their own legitimate sphere. But whenever Speculative Reason tries to elevate these regulative ideas into objects of theoretical knowledge, whenever it ascribes

objective truth to these ideas, it leads to contradiction and falsehood. In other words, Speculative Reason Kant held to be true in its formal or logical, but false in its material application. As the understanding, with its categories, has for its object and only legitimate sphere the world of sense, so Speculative Reason, with its ideas, has for its exclusive sphere of operation the conceptions of the understanding, and beyond this these ideas have no truth nor validity. It was not, however, by these views, either of understanding or of Speculative Reason, that Kant came to the help of the highest interests of humanity, but by his assertion of the existence in man of the Practical Reason which is the inlet or source of our belief in moral and supersensuous truth. Some have maintained this to be an afterthought added to Kant's system. But, be this as it may, Kant held that the moral law revealed itself to man as a reality through his Practical reason—a law not to be gathered from experience, but to be received as the fundamental principle of action for man, evidencing itself by its own light. This moral law requires for its action the truth of three ideas, that of the soul, of immortality, and of God. These ideas are the postulates of the practical reason, and are true and certain, because, if they are denied, morality and free-will, man's highest certainties, become impossible. They are, however, to man truths of moral certainty—of practical faith—though Kant did not use that word, rather than objects of theoretical contemplation.

This distinction between the understanding and the Reason Coleridge adopted from Kant, and made the ground-work of all his teaching. But the distinction between Speculative and Practical Reason, which was with Kant radical, Coleridge did not dwell on, nor bring into prominence. He knew and so far recognized Kant's distinction, that he spoke of Speculative Reason as the faculty of concluding universal and necessary truths, from particular and contingent appearances, and of Practical Reason, as the power of proposing an ultimate end, that is, of determining the will by ideas. He does not, however, seem to have held by it firmly. Rather he threw himself on Kant's view of Practical Reason, and carried it out with a fulness which Kant probably would have disallowed. Kant's strong assertion that there was at least one region of his being in which man came into contact with super-sensible truth, with the reality of things, this, set forth not vaguely, but with the most solid reasoning,

was that which so attracted Coleridge. But in the use which Coleridge made of this power, and the range he assigned it, he went much beyond his master. He speaks of Reason as an immediate beholding of super-sensible things, as the eye which sees truths transcending sense. He identifies Reason in the human mind, as Kant perhaps would have done, with Universal Reason; calls it impersonal; indeed, regards it as a ray of the Divinity in man. In one place he makes it one with the Light which lighteth every man, and in another he says that Reason is "the presence of the Holy Spirit to the finite understanding, at once the light and the inward eye." "It cannot be rightly called a faculty," he says, "much less a personal property of any human mind." We cannot be said to possess Reason, but rather to partake of it; for there is but one Reason, which is shared by all intelligent beings, and is in itself the Universal or Supreme Reason. "He in whom Reason dwells can as little appropriate it as his own possession, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an enclosure in the cope of heaven." Again, he says of Reason, that "it has been said to be more like to sense than to understanding; but in this it differs from sense: the bodily senses have objects differing from themselves; Reason, the organ of spiritual apprehension, has objects consubstantial with itself, being itself its own object,—that is, self-contemplative." And again, "Reason substantiated and vital, not only, yet manifold, overseeing all, and going through all understanding, without being either the sense, the understanding, or the imagination, contains all three within itself, even as the mind contains its own thoughts, and is present in and through them all; or as the expression pervades the different features of an intelligent countenance."

In much of the above, Coleridge has not only gone beyond Kant's cautious handling of Practical Reason, but has given to the German's philosophical language a religious, and even a Biblical colouring of his own. Nay, in regarding Reason as the power of intuitive insight into moral and spiritual truths, he has approached nearer to some of the German philosophers who came after Kant. Though Coleridge made so much of this distinction between Reason and understanding, and of Reason as the organ of spiritual truth, and though throughout his later works he is continually and at length insisting on it, he cannot be said to have made it secure against all the technical objections. It would be impossible here to

follow him into all the ramifications of this abstruse subject, and to show minutely the relation in which he placed Reason to understanding. We may, however, notice one scoff against the whole system. It has been represented as a device to enable a man to believe that what is false to his understanding may be true to his Reason. This, though it may be a smart sneer, is nothing more. What Coleridge did maintain was that the material of moral and spiritual truth which comes to man through his Reason, must, before it can be reduced to definite conceptions and expressed in propositions, first pass through the forms of the understanding. In so passing, the truths of Reason and the moral will suffer some loss, because the conceptions of the understanding are not adequate to give full expression to them; so that it was to him no argument against a truth whose source lies in Reason, if, in passing through the understanding, or being reduced to logical language, it issued in propositions which seem illogical, or even contradictory. And what more is this than to say that man's logical understanding is not the measure of all truth? a doctrine surely which did not originate with Coleridge. But whatever difficulties there may be in this philosophy of the reason, it is an attempt to vindicate and sanction those truths which lie deepest, and are most vital to human nature. Questions are continually rising within us, whether born of our own thoughts or imported from intellectual systems, asking anxiously whether any thought of man can reach to spiritual realities. The mind is continually getting entangled in a self-woven mesh of sophistry. It is the highest end of all philosophy to clear away these difficulties which philosophy has itself engendered, and to let the mind look out on the truth as uncloudedly as it did before these sophistications arose; to give back to the race the simplicity of its childhood, with the wisdom of its mature age. Of most metaphysicians, first and last, the main work has been to build up between the spirit of man and the Father of spirits solid walls and high, which no human strength can pierce through, no eye can overlook. To break down and clear away these walls, which others with such pains had reared, this was the ultimate aim and end towards which Coleridge laboured. Herein lies the great service which he did to his age and country. He was almost the first philosopher for a hundred and fifty years, who upheld a metaphysics which was in harmony at once with the best wisdom of the olden time, and

with man's deepest aspirations in all time. It was a thorough and profound protest against the philosophy judging according to sense, with which England, and, *pace* Reid be it said, Scotland too, had so long been deluged. It opened up once more a free passage for man's thoughts to that higher world of truth which philosophy had so long barred against them; opened up to the human spirit a path which it might travel, undisturbed by technical objections of the understanding, toward that spiritual region which is its natural home. Man's deepest heart, his inmost being, from depths beyond all conscious thought, cry out for such access. And it is the business of a true philosophy, not, as has been often done, to bar the way and to break down the bridges that span the gulfs, but cautiously, yet resolutely, to make ready a way by which the weary hearts of men may pass over in safety. Honour be to the spiritual engineers who have laboured to build up such a highway for humanity!

When Coleridge had made his own the distinction between reason and understanding, he found in it not only a key to many of the moral and religious questions which had perplexed himself, and were working confusion among his contemporaries, but he seemed to find in it a truth, which, however unsystematically, had been held and built on by all the masters of ancient wisdom, whether in philosophy or theology. Especially he seemed to see this truth pervading the writings of the Cambridge Platonists, of Leighton, and of all the best divines of the seventeenth century.

A good example of the way in which Coleridge applied his metaphysical principles to philosophic questions will be found in the *Essays on Method*, in the third volume of *The Friend*. He there attempts to reconcile Plato's view of the Idea as lying at the ground of all investigation with Bacon's philosophy of induction, and to prove that, though they worked from opposite ends of the problem, they are not really opposed. In all inductive investigations, Coleridge contends, the mind must contribute something, the mental initiative, the *prudens questio*, the idea; and this, when tested or proved by rigorous scientific processes, is found to be a law of nature. What in the mind of the discoverer is a prophetic idea, is found in nature to be a law, and the one answers, and is akin to, the other. What Coleridge has there said of the mental initiative which lies at the foundation of induction, Dr. Whewell has taken up and argued out at length in his

works on Induction. Mr. Mill has as stoutly redargued it from his own point of view, and their polemic still waits a solution. But we must pass from these pure metaphysical problems to notice some of the ways in which Coleridge applied his principles to moral and religious questions.

In the *Literary Remains* there is a remarkable essay on Faith, which contains a suggestive application of these principles. Faith he defines to be fealty or fidelity to that part of our being which cannot become an object of the senses; to that in us which is highest, and is alone unconditionally imperative. What is this? Every man is conscious of something within him which tells him he ought, which commands him, to do to others as he would they should do to him. Of this he is as assured as he is that he sees and hears; only with this difference, that the senses act independently of the will. The conscience is essentially connected with the will. We can, if we will, refuse to listen to it. The listening or the not listening to conscience is the first moral act by which a man takes upon him or refuses allegiance to a power higher than himself, yet speaking within himself. Now, what is this in each man, higher than himself, yet speaking within him? It is Reason, super-sensuous, impersonal, the representative in man of the will of God, and demanding the allegiance of the individual will. Faith, then, is fealty to this rightful superior; "allegiance of the moral nature to Universal Reason, or will of God; in opposition to all usurpation of appetite, of sensible objects, of the finite understanding," of affection to others, or even the purest love of the creature. And conscience is the inward witness to the presence in us of the divine ray of reason, "the irradiative power, the representative of the Infinite." An approving conscience is the sense of harmony of the personal will of man with that impersonal light which is in him, representative of the will of God. A condemning conscience is the sense of discord or contrariety between these two. Faith, then, consists in the union and interpenetration of the Reason and the individual will. Since our will and moral nature enter into it, faith must be a continuous and total energy of the whole man. Since reason enters into it, faith must be a light—a seeing, a beholding of truth. Hence faith is a spiritual act of the whole being; it is "the source and germ of the fidelity of man to God, by the entire subjugation of the human will to Reason, as the representative in him of the divine will." Such is a condensation, nearly in Coleridge's own words, of the

substance of that essay. Hard words and repulsive these may seem to some, who feel it painful to analyze the faith they live by. And no doubt the simple, child-like apprehension of the things of faith is better and more blessed than all philosophizing about them. They who have good health and light breathing, whose system is so sound that they know not they have a system, have little turn for disquisitions on health and respiration. But, just as sickness and disease have compelled men to study the bodily framework, so doubt and mental entanglement have forced men to go into these abstruse questions, in order to meet the philosophy of denial with a counter philosophy of faith. The philosophy is not faith, but it may help to clear away sophistications that stand in the way of it.

For entering into speculations of this kind Coleridge had been branded as a transcendentalist, a word with many of hideous import. But abstruse and wide of practice as these speculations may seem, it was for practical behoof mainly that Coleridge undertook them. "What are my metaphysics?" he exclaims; "merely the referring of the mind to its own consciousness for truths which are indispensable to its own happiness." Of this any one may be convinced who shall read with care his *Friend* or his *Lay Sermons*. One great source of the difficulty, or, as some might call it, the confusedness of these works, is the rush and throng of human interests with which they are filled. If he discusses the ideas of the Reason, or any other like abstract subject, it is because he feels its vital bearing on some truth of politics, morality, or religion, the clear understanding of which concerns the common weal. And here is one of his strongest mental peculiarities, which has made many censure him as unintelligible. His eye flashed with a lightning glance from the most abstract truth to the minutest practical detail, and back again from this to the abstract principle. This makes that, when once his mental powers begin to work, their movements are on a vastness of scale, and with a many-sidedness of view, which, if they render him hard to follow, make him also stimulative and suggestive of thought beyond all other modern writers.

When Coleridge first began to speculate, the sovereignty of Locke and his followers in English Metaphysics was not more supreme than that of Paley in Moral Philosophy. Both were Englishmen of the round, robust English stamp, haters of subtleties, abhorrent of idealism, resolute to warn off any ghost of scholasticism from

the domain of common-sense philosophy. And yet both had to lay down dogmatic decisions on subjects into which, despite the burliest common sense, things infinite and spiritual will intrude. How resolute was Coleridge's polemic against Locke and all his school we have seen. Not less vigorous was his protest against Paley as a moralist, and that at a time when few voices were raised against the common-sense Dean.

For completely rounded moral systems Coleridge indeed professed little respect, ranking them for utility with systems of casuistry or auricular confession. But of vital principles of morality, penetrating to the quick, few men's writings are more fruitful. A standing butt for Coleridge's shafts was Paley's well-known definition of virtue as "the doing of good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Or, as Paley has elsewhere more broadly laid down the same principle, "we are obliged to do nothing, but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by, for nothing else can be a violent motive." Against this substitution, as he called it, of a scheme of selfish prudence for moral virtue, Coleridge was never weary of raising his voice. Morality, as he contended, arises out of the Reason and conscience of man; prudence out of the understanding, and the natural wants and desires of the individual; and though prudence is the worthy servant of morality, the master and the servant cannot rightly be confounded. The chapter in *The Friend*, in which he argues against the Utilitarian system of ethics, and proves that general consequences cannot be the criterion of the right and wrong of particular actions, is one of the best-reasoned and most valuable which that work contains. The following are some of the arguments with which he contends against "the inadequacy of the principle of general consequences as a criterion of right and wrong, and its utter uselessness as a moral guide." Such a criterion is vague and illusory, for it depends on each man's notion of happiness, and no two men have exactly the same notion. And even if men were agreed as to what constitutes the end, namely, happiness, the power of calculating consequences, and the foresight needed to secure the means to the end, are just that in which men most differ. But morality ought to be grounded on that part of their nature, namely, their moral convictions, in which men are most alike, not on the calculating understanding, in which they stand most widely apart. Again, such a criterion con-

found morality, which looks to the inward motive, with law, which regards only the outward act. Indeed, the need of a judgment of actions according to the inward motive, forms one of the strongest arguments for a future state. For in this world our outward actions, apart from their motives, must needs determine our temporal welfare. But the moral nature longs for, and Scripture reveals, a more perfect judgment to come, wherein not the outward act but the inward principle, the thoughts and intents of the heart, shall be made the ground of judgment. Again, this criterion is illusory, because evil actions are often turned to good by that Providence which brings good out of evil. If, then, consequences were the sole or chief criterion, then these evil actions ought to be, because of their results, reckoned good. Nero persecuted the Christians and so spread Christianity: is he to be credited with this good result? Again, to form a notion of the nature of an action multiplied indefinitely into the future, we must first know the nature of the original action itself. And if we already know this, what need of testing it by its remote consequences? If against these arguments it were urged that general consequences are the criterion, not of the agent but of the action, Coleridge would reply, that all actions have their whole worth and main value from the moral principle which actuates the agent. So that, if it could be shown that two men, one acting from enlightened self-love, the other from pure Christian principle, would observe towards all their neighbours throughout life exactly the same course of outward conduct, yet these two, weighed in a true moral balance, would be wide as the poles asunder. By these and suchlike arguments Coleridge opposes the Paleyan and every other form of Utilitarian ethics. Instead of confounding morality with prudence, he everywhere bases morality on religion. "The widest maxims of prudence," he asserts, "are arms without hearts, when disjoined from those feelings which have their fountain in a living principle." That principle lies in the common ground where morality and religion meet, and from which neither can be sundered without destruction to both. The moral law, every man feels, has a universality and an imperativeness far transcending the widest maxims of experience; and this because it has its origin in Reason, as described above, in that in each man which is representative of the Divine Will, and connects him therewith. Out of Reason, not from experience, all pure prin-

ciples of morality spring, and in it find their sanction. This truth Coleridge reiterated in every variety of form.

But while he is thus strong in placing the foundation of individual morality in Reason, in his sense of that word, he repudiates those theories which would draw from the same source the first principles of political government. In opposition to these theories, he held that each form of government is sufficiently justified, when it can be shown that it is suitable for the circumstances of the particular nation. Therefore no one form of government can lay claim to be the sole rightful one. Thus to prudence or expediency Coleridge assigns a place in political questions which he denies to it in moral ones. Full of power is his whole argument against Rousseau, Paine, and others of that day, who maintained the social contract and the rights of man, and, laying the grounds of political right exclusively in Reason, held that nothing was rightful in civil society which could not be deduced from the primary laws of reason. "Who," asked Rousseau, "shall dare prescribe a law of moral action for any rational being, considered as a member of a state, which does not flow immediately from that reason which is the fountain of all morality?" Where-to Coleridge replies, Morality looks not to the outward act, but to the internal maxim of actions. But politics look solely to the outward act. The end of good government is to regulate the actions of particular bodies of men, as shall be most expedient under given circumstances. How, then, can the same principle be employed to test the expediency of political rules and the purity of inward motives? He then goes on to show that when Rousseau asserted that every human being possessed of Reason had in him an inalienable sovereignty, he applied to actual man—compassed about with passions, errors, vices, and infirmities—what is true of the abstract Reason alone; that all he asserted of "that sovereign will, to which the right of legislation belongs, applies to no human being, to no assemblage of human beings, least of all to the mixed multitude that makes up the people; but entirely and exclusively to Reason itself, which, it is true, dwells in every man potentially, but actually and in perfect purity in no man, and in no body of men." And this reasoning he clinches by an instance and an argument, often since repeated, though we know not whether Coleridge was the first to employ it. He shows that the constituent assembly of France, whenever they tried to act out these principles

of pure Reason, were forced to contravene them. They excluded from political power children, though reasonable beings, because in them Reason is imperfect; women, because they are dependent. But is there not more of Reason in many women, and even in some children, than in men dependent for livelihood on the will of others, the very poor, the infirm of mind, the ignorant, the depraved? Some reasonable beings must be disfranchised. It comes then to a question of degrees. And how are degrees to be determined? Not by pure reason, but by rules of expedience, founded on present observation and past experience. But the whole of Coleridge's reasoning against Rousseau and Cartwright's universal suffrage is well worth the attention of those advanced thinkers of the present day, who are beginning once again, after a lapse of half a century, to argue about political rights on grounds of abstract reason. They will there find, if they care to see it, the whole question placed not on temporary arguments, but on permanent principles.

But keen as was Coleridge's interest in political and moral subjects, and in whatever affects the well-being of man, the full bent of his soul, and its deepest meditations, were given to the truths of the Christian revelation. From none of his works are these thoughts absent; but the fullest exposition of his religious views is to be found in the *Aids to Reflection*, his maturest work, and in the third and fourth volumes of the *Literary Remains*. Before, however, adverting to these opinions, it may be well to remember, that, much as Coleridge thought and reasoned on religion, it was his firm conviction, founded on experience, that the way to an assured faith, that faith which gives life and peace, is not to be won by dint of argument. "Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the *want* of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of the need of it, and you may safely trust it to its own evidence, remembering always the express declaration of Christ himself: 'No man cometh to me, unless the Father leadeth him.'" So it was with himself. Much as he philosophized, philosophy was not his soul's haven; not thence did his help come. It may have cleared away outlying hindrances, but it was not this that led him up to the stronghold of hope. Through the wounds made in his own spirit, through the brokenness of a heart humbled and made contrite by the experience of his own sin and utter helplessness, entered in the faith which gave rest, the peace which "settles

where the intellect is meek." Once his soul had reached the citadel, his ever-busy eye and penetrating spirit surveyed the nature of the bulwarks, and examined the foundations, as few before had done. And the world has the benefit, whatever it may be, of these surveys. But though Coleridge was a religious philosopher, let it not be supposed that he put more store by the philosophy than the religion. He knew well, and often insisted, that religion is life rather than science, and that there is a danger, peculiar to the intellectual man, of turning into speculation what was given to live by. He knew that the intellect, busy with ideas about God, may not only fail to bring a man nearer the divine life, but may actually tend to withdraw him from it. For the intellect takes in but the phantom of the truth, and leaves the total impression, the full power of it, unappropriated. And hence it comes that those truths which, if felt by the unlearned at all, go straight to the heart and are taken in by the whole man, are apt, in the case of the philosopher and the theologian, to stop at the outside region of the understanding, and never to get further. This is a danger peculiar to the learned, or to those who think themselves such. The trained intellect is apt to eat out the child's heart, and yet the "except ye become as little children" stands unrepealed. Coleridge knew this well. In his earliest interview with De Quincey, he said

"that prayer with the whole soul was the highest energy of which the human heart was capable, and that the great mass of worldly men, and of learned men, were absolutely incapable of prayer."

And only two years before his death, after a retrospect of his own life, to his nephew, who sat by his bedside one afternoon, he said,

"I have no difficulty in forgiveness. . . . Neither do I find or reckon most the solemn faith in God as a real object the most arduous act of reason and will. O no! it is to pray, to pray as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing He pleaseth thereupon — this is the last, the greatest achievement of a Christian's warfare on earth.' And then he burst into tears, and begged me to pray for him."

It has been said that the great object of his theological speculations was to bring into harmony religion and philosophy. This assertion would mislead, if it were meant to imply that he regarded these as two co-ordinate powers, which could be welded together into one reasoned system. It would, perhaps, be more true to say that his endeavour was, in his own words, to remove the doubts and difficulties that cannot but arise whenever the understanding, the mind of the flesh, is made the measure of spiritual things. He laboured to remove religion from a merely mechanical or intellectual, and to place it on a moral and spiritual foundation. His real aim was, notwithstanding that his love for scholastic distinctions might seem to imply the contrary, to simplify men's thoughts on these things, to show that spiritual truth is like the light, self-evidencing, that it is preformed to man's higher nature, as man's nature is preformed to it.

As he had to contend against Lockean metaphysics and Paleyan ethics, so he had to do strenuous battle against a theology mainly mechanical. He woke upon an age when the belief in God was enforced in the schools as the conclusion of a lengthened argument; when revelation was proved exclusively by miracles, with little regard to its intrinsic evidence; and when both natural and revealed truths were superinduced from without, as extraneous, extra-moral beliefs, rather than taught as living faiths evidenced from within. In opposition to this kind of teaching, which had so long reigned, Coleridge taught that the foundation truth of all religion, faith in the existence of God, was incapable of intellectual demonstration — that as all religion, so this corner-stone of religion, must have a moral origin. To him that belief was inherent in the soul, as Reason is inherent, indeed a part of Reason, in the sense he gave to that word, as moral in its nature, and the fountain of moral truth. His words are —

"Because I possess Reason, or a law of right and wrong, which, uniting with the sense of moral responsibility, constitutes my conscience, hence it is my absolute duty to believe, and I do believe that there is a God, that is, a Being in whom supreme Reason and a most holy will are one with infinite power; and that all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its ultimate consequences by His omnipotence. The wonderful works of God in the sensible world are a perpetual discourse, reminding me of His existence, and shadowing out to me His perfections. But as all language

presupposes, in the intelligent hearer or reader, those primary notions which it symbolizes. . . even so, I believe, that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is called forth into distinct consciousness principally by the conscience, and auxilially by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my Reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture so represents it. For it commands us to believe in one God. Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is demonstrative only in so far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem nolentem*."

Thus we see that with regard to the first truth of all religion, Coleridge places its evidence in conscience and the intuitive reason. Carrying the same manner of thinking into revealed religion, to its inherent substance he gave the foremost place as evidence, while to historical proofs and arguments from miracles he assigned the same subordinate place, as in reference to the existence of God he assigned to arguments from design.

His view upon this subject also had better be given in his own language. It could hardly be expressed in fewer, and certainly not in better words. The main evidences, he thinks are

"the doctrines of Christianity, and the correspondence of human nature to these doctrines, illustrated, *first*, historically, as the production of a new world, and the dependence of the fate of the planet upon it; *second*, individually, from its appeal to an ascertained fact, the truth of which every man possessing Reason has an equal power of ascertaining within himself; viz., a will, which has more or less lost its own freedom, though not the consciousness that it ought to be and may become free; the conviction that this cannot be achieved without the operation of a principal co-natural with itself; the experience in his own nature of the truth of the process described by Scripture, as far as he can place himself within the process, aided by the confident assurance of others as to the effects experienced by them, and which he is striving to arrive at. All these form a practical Christian. To such a man one main test of the truth of his faith is its accompaniment by a growing insight into the moral beauty and necessity of the process which it comprises, and the dependence of that process on the causes asserted. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight, which changes faith into knowledge, will be the reward of that belief."

Subordinate to this internal evidence in Coleridge's view, buttresses, but not corner-

stones, are the facts of the existence and of the history of Christianity, and also of the miracles which accompanied its first appearance. These are necessary results, rather than primary proofs of revelation. For, "as the result of the above convictions, he will not scruple to receive the particular miracles recorded, inasmuch as it is miraculous that an incarnate God should not work what must to mere men appear as miracles; inasmuch as it is strictly accordant with the ends and benevolent nature of such a Being to commence the elevation of man above his mere senses by enforcing attention first, through an appeal to those senses." Thus, according to him, they are not the adequate and ultimate proof of religion, not the keystone of the arch, but rather "compacting stones in it, which give while they receive strength."

Coleridge's theology was more or less a recoil from one in which miracles had been pushed into undue, almost exclusive prominence, one in which the proof of religion was derived mainly from the outward senses; whereas he was convinced that to subjugate the senses to faith, the passive belief to the moral and responsible belief, was one main end of all religion. Whether Coleridge struck the balance aright between outward and inward evidence, whether he gave to miracles that place which is their due; whether, in his zeal for the inward truths, he estimated as they deserve the miraculous facts, which, whatever they may be to some over-subtilized intellects, have been, and always must be, to the great mass of men, the main objective basis on which the spiritual truths repose, these are questions into which we shall not now inquire. Our aim, especially in this part of our essay, is not so much to criticise, as to set forth, as fairly as may be, what his views really were.

We have seen then that Coleridge held the adaptation of Christianity to man's need, and to his whole moral nature, to be the strongest evidence of its truth. And this naturally suggests the question, How far did he regard man's moral convictions to be the test of revelation as a whole, or of any particular doctrine of revelation? Did he wish to square down the truths of revelation to the findings of human conscience? To answer this question is the more necessary, because Mr. Mill, in the few remarks on Coleridge's religious opinions with which he closes his essay, has asserted that he "goes as far as the Unitarians in making man's reason and moral feelings a test of revelation; but differs *toto cælo* from

them in their rejection of its mysteries, which he regards as the highest philosophical truths." It would be strange, indeed, if Coleridge, who certainly ought to have known both his own views and those of the Unitarians, should have so far deluded himself as to protest against them unweariedly for this very fault, that they made man the measure of all things, while in this matter he himself was substantially at one with them. The truth is, that those who speak most strongly about reason being the measure of faith, mean by the word Reason much the same as Coleridge meant by Understanding—the faculty of definite conceptions, the power of clearly comprehending truths. And in their mouths the proposition means that nothing is to be believed in religion, or anything else, which man's understanding cannot fully grasp, clearly conceive, definitely express, satisfactorily explain. Now Coleridge used the term Reason in a sense different, nay, opposed to this. He held, whether rightly or no we do not now inquire, but he held, that there is in man a power of apprehending universal spiritual truths, something that brings him into close relation, we had almost said contact, with supersensible reality, and to this power he gave the name of Reason. And the intimations of moral and spiritual things, which he believed that he received through this power, he accepted readily, though he could not understand nor explain them, nor even conceive the possibility of them. Even with regard to the first truth of religion, the existence, personality, and moral nature of God, he held that this is to be received on moral grounds, and regarded as a settled truth "not by the removal of all difficulties, or by any such increase of insight as enables a man to meet all sceptical objections with a full and precise answer; but because he has convinced himself that it is folly as well as presumption to expect it; and because the doubts and difficulties disappear at the beam when tried against the weight of the reasons in the other scale." Again, of the fall of man, he says that it is a mystery too profound for human insight; and of the doctrine of the Trinity, that it is an absolute truth, transcending our human means of understanding or demonstrating it. These, and numerous other suchlike sayings might be adduced, not to speak of the whole scope of his philosophy, to show that it was no obstacle to his belief in a truth, that it transcended his comprehension. Nay, more, so far was he from desiring to bring down all religious truths to the level of human comprehension,

that he everywhere enforced it as a thing antecedently to be expected, that the fundamental truths should be mysteries, and that he would have found it hard to believe them if they had not been so.

What then did he mean when he maintained, as he certainly did, that "in no case can true Reason and a right faith oppose each other?" We have seen that Reason with Coleridge was the link by which man is joined on to a higher order, the source whence he draws in all of moral truth and of religious sentiment which he possesses. It was the harmony of revelation with this faculty of apprehending universal spiritual truths which was to him the main ground for originally believing in revelation, and, therefore, he held that no particular doctrine of revelation can contradict the findings of that faculty on the evidence of which revelation as a whole is primarily received. In other words, no view of God's nature and of his dealings with men, no interpretation of any doctrine, nor of any text of Scripture, can be true, which contradicts the clear intimations of enlightened conscience. And the substance of revelation and the dictates of conscience so answer to each other, that the religious student, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, may expect to find an ever increasing harmony between the two teachings. Opposed to this doctrine of Coleridge, on the one hand, is the teaching of those who, believing in revelation, deny to man any power of apprehending spiritual truths, and hold that the first truths of religion must be received simply as authoritative data from without. Equally opposed, on the other hand, are the views of those who, though admitting in some sense the truth of revelation, yet make man's power of understanding the entire measure of all that is to be received as revealed. The creed which is bounded either theoretically or practically within this limit must needs be a scanty one.

The truth seems to be, that, both in the things of natural and revealed religion, the test that lies in man's moral judgment seems more of a negative than a positive one. We are not to believe about God anything which positively contradicts our first notions of righteousness and goodness, for, if we were to do so, we should cut away the original moral ground of our belief in His existence and character. Thus far our moral judgments carry us, but not much further. No rational man who believes in God at all will try to square all the facts that meet him in the natural and the moral

world to his sense of right and wrong. Life is full of inscrutable facts which cannot be made by us to fit into any moral standard of ours. All that the moral judgment has a right to say to them is to refuse to believe any proposed interpretation of them which contradicts the plain laws of right and wrong, any interpretation which makes God unrighteous on account of such facts, and to wait patiently in full faith that a time will come when we shall see these now inscrutable facts to have been fully consistent with the most perfect righteousness. And the same use which we make of our moral judgment in regard to the facts that meet us in life, we are bound to make of it with regard to the doctrines of revelation. We are not to expect to see moral light through all of these, but we are to refuse any interpretation of them which does violence to the moral sense. In both cases, however, we have reason to expect that, to those who honestly and humbly use the light they have, more light will be given, — a growing insight, or, at least, a trustful acquiescence in facts which at first were too dark and perplexing. There are in this region two extremes, equally to be shunned. One is theirs, who in matters of religion begin by discrediting the natural light, — by putting out the eye of conscience, — that they may the more magnify the heavenly light of revelation, or rather their own interpretations thereof. The other is seen in those, who enthroning on the judgment-seat the first offhand findings of their own, and that perhaps no very enlightened, conscience, proceed to arraign before this bar the statements of Scripture, and to reject all those which do not seem to square with the verdicts of the self-erected tribunal. There is a more excellent way than either of these, a way not definable perhaps by criticism, but to be found by spiritual wisdom. There are those who, loath to do violence to the teachings either of Scripture or of conscience, but patiently and reverently comparing them together, find that the more deeply they are considered, the more do they, on the whole, reflect light one on the other. To such the words of Scripture, interpreted by the experience of life, reveal things about their own nature, which once seemed incredible. And the more they know of themselves and their own needs, the more the words of Scripture seem to enlarge their meaning to meet these. But as to the large outlying region of the inapplicable that will still remain in the world, in man, and in Holy Writ, they can leave all this, in full confidence that when the so-

lution, soon or late, shall come, it will be seen to be in profound harmony with our highest sense of righteousness, and with that word which declares that "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. Such, though not expressed in Coleridge's words, we believe to be the spirit of his teaching.

What then is to be said of those passages in his works in which he speaks of the mysteries of faith, and the highest truths of philosophy, as coincident; in which he says that he received the doctrine of the Logos not merely on authority, but because of its to him exceeding reasonableness; in which he speaks as if he had an intellectual insight into the doctrine of the Trinity, and draws out formulas of it in strange words hard to understand? Whatever we may think of these sayings and formulas, it is to be remembered that Coleridge never pretended that he could have discovered the truths apart from revelation. If, after practically accepting these truths, and finding in them the spiritual supports of his soul, he employed his powers of thought upon them, and drew them out into intellectual formulas more satisfactory to himself probably than to others, yet these philosophizings, made for the purpose of speculative insight, he neither represented as the grounds of his own faith, nor obtruded on others as necessary for theirs. He ever kept steadily before him the difference between an intellectual belief and a practical faith, and asserted that it was solely in consequence of the historical fact of redemption that the Trinity becomes a doctrine, the belief in which as real is commanded by our conscience.

In the *Aids to Reflection*, the earlier half of the work is employed in clearing away preliminary hindrances; the latter part deals mainly with the moral difficulties that are apt to beset the belief in Original Sin and in the Atonement.

With regard to the former doctrine, he shows that the belief of the existence of evil, as a fact, in man and in the world, is not peculiar to Christianity, but is common to it with every religion and every philosophy that has believed in a personal God; in fact, to all systems but Pantheism and Atheism. The fact then needs no proof, but the meaning of the fact does. As to this, Coleridge rejected that interpretation of original sin, which makes "original" mean "hereditary," or inherited like our bodily constitution from our forefathers. Such, he held, might be disease or calamity, but could not be sin, the meaning of which is, the choice of evil by a will free to choose between good

and evil. This fact of a law in man's nature which opposes the law of God, is not only a fact, but a mystery, of which no other solution than the statement of the fact is possible. For consider: Sin to be sin is evil originating in, not outside of the will. And what is the essence of the will? It is a self-determining power, having the original ground of its own determination in itself; and if subject to any cause from without, such cause must have acquired this power of determining the will, by a previous determination of the will itself. This is the very essence of a will. And herein it is contra-distinguished from nature, whose essence it is to be unable to originate anything, but to be bound by the mechanism of cause and effect. If the will has by its own act subjected itself to nature, has received into itself from nature an alien influence which has curtailed its freedom, in so far as it has done so, it has corrupted itself. This is original sin, or sin originating in the only region in which it can originate — the Will. This is a fall of man.

You ask, When did this fall take place? Has the will of each man chosen evil for itself; and, if so, when? To this Coleridge would reply that each individual will has so chosen; but as to the when, the will belongs to a region of being, — is part of an order of things, in which time and space have no meaning; that "the subject stands in no relation to time, can neither be called in time or out of time; but that all relations of time are as alien and heterogeneous in this question as north or south, round or square, thick or thin, are in the affections."

Again you ask, With whom did sin originate? And Coleridge replies, The grounds of will on which it is true of any one man are equally true in the case of all men. The fact is ascertained of the individual, not because he has done this or that particular evil act, but simply because he is man. It is impossible for the individual to say that it commenced in this or that act, at this or that time. As he cannot trace it back to any particular moment of his life, neither can he state any moment at which it did not exist. As to this fact, then, what is true of any one man is true of all men. For, "in respect of original sin, each man is the representative of all men."

Such, nearly in his own words, was the way in which Coleridge sought, while fully acknowledging this fact, to construe it to himself, so as to get rid of those theories which make it an infliction from without, a calamity, a hereditary disease; for which, however much sorrow there might be, there

could be no responsibility, and therefore no sense of guilt. And he sought to show that it is an evil self-originated in the will; a fact mysterious, not to be explained, but to be felt by each man in his conscience as his own deed. Therefore, in the confession of his faith, he said: —

"I believe (and hold it a fundamental article of Christianity) that I am a fallen creature; that I am myself capable of moral evil, but not of myself capable of moral good; and that an evil ground existed in my will previously to any given act, or assignable moment of time, in my own consciousness. I am born a child of wrath. This fearful mystery I pretend not to understand. I cannot even conceive the possibility of it, but I know that it is so. My conscience, the sole fountain of certainty, commands me to believe it, and would itself be a contradiction were it not so; and what is real must be possible."

And the sequel of the same confession thus goes on: —

"I receive, with full and grateful faith, the assurance of revelation that the Word, which is from eternity with God, and is God, assumed our human nature, in order to redeem me and all mankind from this our connate corruption. My reason convinces me that no other mode of redemption is possible. . . . I believe that this assumption of humanity by the Son of God was revealed and realized to us by the Word made flesh, and manifested to us in Jesus Christ, and that his miraculous birth, his agony, his crucifixion, death, resurrection, and ascension, were all both symbols of our redemption, and necessary facts of the awful process."

Such was his belief in 1816, marking how great a mental revolution he must have gone through since the days when he was a Unitarian preacher. The steps of that change he has himself but partially recorded. But the abandonment of the Hartleian for a more ideal philosophy, the blight that fell on his manhood, his sufferings, and sense of inner misery, then the closer study of the Bible in the light of his own need, and growing intercourse with the works of the elder divines, — all these were parts at least of the process. But whatever may have wrought this change, no one who knows anything of Coleridge can doubt that in this, as in opinions of lesser import, he was influenced only by the sincerest desire for truth. Great as may have been his moral defects — fallen, as he may have fallen, in some of the homeliest duties, even below common men, this at least must be conceded to him, that he desired the truth,

hungered and thirsted for it, pursued it with a life-long earnestness, rare even among the best men. In this search for truth, and in his declaration of it when found, self-interest, party feeling, friendship, had no place with him. He had come to believe in some sort in a Trinity in the Godhead, and admitted more or less the personality of the Logos, for some time before he returned fully to the Catholic faith. The belief in the Incarnation and the Redemption by the Cross, as historical facts, were the stumbling-blocks which last disappeared. Therefore his final conviction on this subject, as recorded in the *Aids to Reflection*, is the more worthy of regard, as being the last result of one who had long resisted, and only after profound reflection submitted himself to, this faith. He there lays down, that as sin is the ground or occasion of Christianity, so Redemption is its superstructure; that Redemption and Christianity are equivalent terms. From this he does not attempt to remove the awful mystery, but only to clear away any objections which may spring out of the moral instincts of man against the common interpretation of the doctrine. These are the only difficulties that deserve an answer.

In the Redemption, the agent is the Eternal Word made flesh, standing in the place of man to God, and of God to man, fulfilling all righteousness, suffering, dying, and so dying as to conquer death itself, and for all who shall receive him. The redemptive or atoning act of this divine Agent has two sides—one that looks Godward, the other that looks manward. The side it turns Godward—that is, the very essence of this act, the cause of man's redemption—is “a spiritual and transcendent mystery which passeth all understanding;” its nature, mode, and possibility transcend man's comprehension. But the side that it turns manward—that is, the effect toward the redeemed—is most simply, and without metaphor, described, as far as it is comprehensible by man, in St. John's words, as the being born anew; as at first we were born in the flesh to the world, so now born in the Spirit to Christ. Christ was made a quickening, that is, a life-making Spirit. This Coleridge believed to be the nearest, most immediate effect on man of the transcendent redemptive act. Closely connected with this first, most immediate effect, are other consequences, which St. Paul has described by four principal metaphors. These consequences, in reference to the sinner, are either the taking away of guilt, as by a great sin-offering, just as, to the transgressor

of the Mosaic law, his civil stain was cleared away by the ceremonial offering of the priest; or the reconciliation of the sinner to God, as the prodigal son is reconciled to the parent whom he has injured; or the satisfying of a debt by the payment of the sum owed to the creditor; or the ransoming, the bringing back from slavery, by payment of the price for the slave. These four figures describe, each in a different way, the result of the great redemptive act on sinful man. This is their true meaning. They are figures intended to bring home to man in a practical way the nature and the greatness of the benefit. Popularly they are transferred back to the mysterious cause, but they cannot be taken as if they really and adequately described the nature of that cause, without leading to confusions. Debt, satisfaction, payment in full, are not terms by which the essential nature of the atoning act, and its necessity, can be literally and adequately expressed. If, forgetting this, we take these expressions literally, and argue from them, as if they gave real intellectual insight into the nature and mode of that greatest of all mysteries, we are straightway landed in moral contradictions. The nature of the redemptive act, as it is in itself, is not to be compassed nor uttered by the language of the human understanding. Such, as nearly as we can give it, was Coleridge's thought upon this awful mystery. Whatever may be thought of these views, one thing is to be observed, that Coleridge did not propound them with any hope of explaining a subject which he believed to be beyond man's power of explanation, but from the earnest desire to clear away moral hindrances to its full acceptance. Such hindrances he believed that human theologues, in their attempts to systematize this and other doctrines of Scripture, were from time to time piling up. It was his endeavour, whether successful or not, in what he wrote on this and on every other religious subject, to clear away these hindrances, and to place the truth in a light which shall commend itself to every man's conscience, a light which shall be consistent with such fundamental Scriptures as these: “I, the Lord, speak righteousness, I declare things that are right;” “God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.” Since his day, men's thoughts have been turned to consider the nature of the atonement, as perhaps they never did before. There is one view, of late years advocated in various forms, which regards the atonement as merely the declaration or exhibition of God's love to sinners, which by its moral

power awakens them to repentance, and takes away the estrangement of their hearts. This is no doubt part of the truth, but it falls far short of satisfying either man's deeper moral instincts, or those many passages of Scripture which declare Christ's death to be the means of the forgiveness of man's sin. Such interpretations, if taken for the whole, leave out of account the "more behind," which Scripture seems to bear witness to, and man's conscience to feel. They take no account of that bearing which Christ's death has toward God, and which Coleridge, while he held it to be incomprehensible, fully believed to exist. On this great question, the nature of the atoning act in its relation to God, some meditations have, since Coleridge's time, been given to the world, which, if they go farther, seem yet in harmony with that which Coleridge thought. We allude to Mr. Campbell's profound work *On The Atonement*, which, though it does not fully meet all the difficulties, goes further toward satisfying at once the expressions of Scripture and the requirements of conscience than any other theologian we know of has done.

Such are a few samples of Coleridge's theological method and manner of thinking. In the wish to set them forth in something of a systematic order, we have done but scanty justice to the fulness and the practical earnestness which pervades the *Aids to Reflection*, and have given no notion at all of the prodigality of thought with which his other works run over. It were vain to hope that any words of ours could give an impression of that marvellous range of vision, that richness, that swing, that lightning of genius. Besides his works already noticed, his *Lay Sermons* with their Appendices, and his *Literary Remains*, are a very quarry of thought, from which, more than any other books we know, young and reflecting readers may dig wealth of unexhausted ore. Time forbids us to enter on them here. Neither can we do more than merely allude to those remarkable letters, published after his death, in which Coleridge approaches the great question of the inspiration of Scripture. Arnold recognized their appearance as marking an era in theology the most important that had occurred since the Reformation; and the interval that has since passed has fully verified the prediction. To the views of Scripture there propounded Coleridge himself attached much importance. In the words of his nephew, "he pleaded for them so earnestly, as the only middle path of safety

and peace between a godless disregard of the unique and transcendent character of the Bible taken generally, and that scheme of interpretation, scarcely less adverse to the pure spirit of Christian wisdom, which wildly arrays our faith in opposition to our reason, and inculcates the sacrifice of the latter to the former, that to suppress this important part of his solemn convictions would be to misrepresent and betray him."

Having given the fullest scope to his own inquiries on all subjects, yet in a spirit of reverence, he wished others to do the same, believing this to be a condition of arriving at assured convictions of truth. He was full of wise and large-hearted tolerance—not that tolerance, so common and so worthless, which easily bears with all opinions, because it earnestly believes none—but that tolerance, attained but by few, which, holding firmly by convictions of its own, and making conscience of them, would neither coerce nor condemn those who most strongly deny them. Heresy he believed to be an error, not of the head, but of the heart. He distinguished between that internal faith which lies at the base of religious character, and can be judged of only by God, and that belief with regard to facts and doctrines, in which good men may err without moral obliquity. His works abound with such maxims as this: "Resist every false doctrine; but call no man heretic. The false doctrine does not necessarily make the man a heretic; but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical."

These are a few of the contemplations with which Samuel Taylor Coleridge busied himself during the threescore years of his earthly existence. For more than thirty years now he has been beyond them, inheritor of higher visions, but these he has left behind for us to use them as we may. And since, while men are here, they must needs, if they think at all, sometimes look up to those heights of thought, it may be doubted whether, for persons philosophically disposed, our age and country has produced any abler guide. Those who remember what Coleridge was to their youth, may fear lest in their estimate of him now they should seem to be mere praisers of the past, and yet, if they were to call him the greatest thinker whom Britain has during this century produced, they would be but stating the simple truth. For if any should gainsay this, we should ask, Whom would you place by his side? What one man would you name who has thrown upon the world so great a mass of original thinking, has contributed so many new thoughts

on the most important subjects? His mind was a very seed-field of ideas, of which many have gone to enrich the various departments of thought, literary, philosophical, political, and religious; while others still lie embedded in his works, waiting for those who may still turn them to use. And all he wrote was in the interest of man's higher nature, true to his best aspirations. The one effort of all his works was to build up truth from the spiritual side. He brought all his transcendent powers of intellect to the help of the heart, and soul, and spirit of man against the tyranny of the understanding, that understanding which ever strives to limit truth within its own definite conceptions, and rejects whatever refuses to square with these. This side of philosophy, as it is the deepest, is also the most difficult to build up. Just as in bridging some broad river, that part of the work which has to be done by substructions and piers beneath the water is much more laborious and important, while it strikes much less upon the senses, than the arches which are reared in open daylight; so the side of truth which holds by the seen and the tangible, which never quits clear-cut conceptions, and refuses to acknowledge whatever will not come within these, is much more patent and plausible, and, in this country, at least, is more likely to command the suffrages of the majority. The advocates of this doctrine experienced for a time a brief reaction, caused by the influence of Coleridge; for one generation he turned the tide against them; but again they are mustering in full force, and bid fair to become masters of the position. Their chief teachers have for some time, by the merits, it must be owned, of their works, become all but paramount in the most ancient seats of learning. In Oxford, for instance, the only two living authors, a knowledge of whose works is imperatively required of candidates for highest honours, belong to this school. And there is no counteracting authority speaking from the opposite, that is, the spiritual side of philosophy, because no such living voice is amongst us. Whenever such a thinker shall arise, he will have to take up the

work mainly where Coleridge left it. In the foundations laid, and the materials collected by Coleridge, he will find the best helps which British thought affords towards building up the much-needed edifice of a spiritual philosophy. And not for the philosophy only, but for the general literature and the politics of our time, what words of admonition would he have had, if he had been still present with us! In his own day the oracles of Liberalism reserved for him their bitterest railery, and he repaid them with contempt. He would hardly, we imagine, have been more popular with the dominant Liberalism of our time, nor would he have accorded to it much greater respect. Before the intellectual idols of the hour, whatever names they bear, he would not, we conceive, very readily have bowed down. Rather he would have shown to them their own shortcomings, as seen in the light of a more catholic and comprehensive wisdom. Who can doubt this, when he regards either the spirit of his works, so deep-thoughted and reverent, so little suited for popularity, or the attitude in which he stood towards all the arbiters of praise in his own generation?

Above all, Coleridge was a great religious philosopher, and by this how much is meant! Not a religious man and a philosopher merely, but a man in whom these two powers met and interpenetrated. There are instances enough in which the two stand opposed, mutually denouncing each other; instances too there are in which, though not opposed, they live apart, the philosophy unleavened by the religion. How rare have the examples, at least in modern times, been, in which the most original powers of intellect and imagination, the most ardent search for truth, and the largest erudition, have united with reverence and simple Christian faith—the heart of the child with the wisdom of the sage! He who has left behind him a philosophy, however incomplete, in which these elements harmoniously combine, has done for his fellow-men the highest service human thinker can, has helped to lighten the burden of the mystery.

From Fraser's Magazine.

FICTION AND ITS USES.

A FRIEND of the writer's is engaged on a work of great importance, entitled *The Philosophy of Fiction*, which he has declared it will take at least three thousand years to complete, with a century or two more to be allowed for unforeseen delays in the publication. The proportion of fiction to truth, he maintains, in the philosophies, religions, amusements, employments, conversations, speeches, newspapers, and advertisements of the world, justifies this calculation. He has often asserted that all the great truths of life were long ago discovered, and were known as well to Plato as to Descartes or Locke, while it still remains to understand and generalize the great falsehoods; and he believes that the happiness of mankind would be furthered by bringing clearly into the light those "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, unrestrained imaginations and groundless fears" which obscurely occupy the minds of men. Without following these ingenious speculations to an extreme, may we not perceive how much they contain of truth? Did we not all begin the world as romancers, and compose each of us a parlour library of novels, domestic, naval, or military, before we had even seen afar off the stern realities of long division, orthography, or syntax? We began authorship when the pinafores and frocks were very small indeed, and it was not till the silver age of our childish imaginings that we could not trust in our dreams without the tangible confirmation of drum or boat or doll. Those works of ours are shelved now, and somewhat dusty, in the Bodleian Library of dreamland, but our places have been taken by the little lads and lasses of to-day, and they are doubtless as full of literary activity as we, their superannuated predecessors, ever were. Two serious eyes fixed on the red hollows of the fire, and two still hands gathered together on the boy's lap; that slight, girlish figure, motionless in the window for half an hour while the shadows are falling — these tell us that the romances are making rapid progress, and that the chapters are of entralling interest. How much we should like to hear one of these tales quite through! You should not wish to know the man who could laugh in a contemptuous way at any of them. They would come to us like echoes of half-forgotten melodies, or like a friend's reminder of the pictures that hung upon the walls of the house where we were children. A writer of certain grave and notable books, which all men of science

know, has confessed that his earliest ambition was to be a coachman. And if this fantastic dream budded and blossomed (never to come to fruition) in the brain of a future mathematician and college-fellow, shall we wonder if gentle maidens dream sometimes of that wonderful prince to come from fairy land, on whom leaning they may go across the purple mountain-rims into the great world beyond? These are fictions beautiful and pure. Alas for many in no way beautiful! Imaginary characters we make out for our acquaintance, which form the hypotheses explaining all their words and deeds, characters not to be admired — the nod or hint pregnant with its malignant lie — cowardly assentation — and idle and slanderous tongues which bring that cloud between faces, and that hollowness into friendly voices in place of the glad, confident morning-feeling — *trust*. Well, these fictions assuredly have their uses, for they are something that may be put under foot, and crushed; they may also beget a noble *autarkeia*, self-sufficiency, or nobler sufficiency of duty.

But this essay is not to be a *Philosophy of Fiction*. It merely hints at the vastness of the subject, and retreats to its own narrow plot of ground. There are certain books — beloved at watering-places, by home firesides, and even in the "pensive citadels" of students — which, though forming a less important branch of fiction than many others (than the *fables convenues* of social life, or of history, for instance), have yet been bolder than the others, have appropriated the name, and professed themselves to be not true, but what at least is very pleasant — new: *fictions* but withal *novels*. Let the reader who would hear something about these read on.

It was Sydney Smith who required for perfect happiness an arm-chair and slippers, a kettle singing its undersong on the fire, a paper of sugar-plums on the mantel-piece, and in his hand a novel. And he rightly enounced the principle on which the novel, at least under such circumstances, should be chosen, when he declared that its first function was to entertain us, to amuse us, to give us agreeable relaxation. Nor let such entertainment be counted a trivial gain. Our health and sanity depend on it. Half an hour's overwork often is enough to make your entire evening an unhappy one. It leaves you fretful and impatient, morbidly sensitive, cross. You find the remarks of your friends and relatives for that evening miserably unphilosophic, paltry, personal; the gossip of your sisters-in-law

is insupportable, yet your wife seems to enjoy it. You wonder what is coming next. Will it ever stop? Do they know how delightful silence is at times? Did they not tell that story, correcting one another precisely as now, at least twice before in your hearing? You feel the world becoming too coarse for a man of refinement and sensibility, and mourn over it in gloom. Why did you not half-an-hour ago give over that languid mental drudging? Why did you not quietly (hurry would be certain failure) read one chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or of *Amelia*, or of that delightful fiction, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, or of Jane Austen's novels? If you had done this the world would gradually have come to rights; your room would not appear so dark, nor your dooks so repellant, nor all your relatives so very stupid. It would never have occurred to you that your life was a monotonous one, made up of a great number of days each like the other; it really is not so monotonous, with little children growing up about you, hurting themselves and requiring solace, saying every day some new, wise thing, and effecting such extraordinary improvements by stone walls, canals, and artificial lakes, in your back-garden. Life would have seemed not so miserable after all; your forehead would have cooled, and your eyes cleared, and your brain grown tranquil; then, too, your voice would be softer, your words less strictly to the point, and you would be giving your opinion, in quite an animated way, on that piece of family history which now appears so despicable. You are most blameworthy for the first and casual offence — refusal to amuse yourself at the right time, consequent exhaustion of nervous force with no adequate return of work done, and pride in the thought that you were taking a great deal out of yourself.

After work, which is a pursuit, quiet enjoyment, which is a possession, brings us advantages beyond itself. Let us go into the green inland fields in early summer, and lying on the grass with face upturned watch the white cloudlets float idly overhead, or turn to look at the merry black spiders scampering in the blades, while the cuckoo is heard at once far off and near, and the breezes come cool over our bodies. Or let us go down a month later to the sea-beach, and listen to the waves breaking and breaking on the shore all the July hours, and see the sunlight sleep on the water, and hear the sound of the sail swung round, brought gently with the lazy lapping, and sucking, and swishing about the weedy stones, and

the "yo hoi" from the sailor-lad among the yacht-lines. Well, are these hours lost? We need not think that. They teach us (what it surely is the final cause of July watering-places to teach) the divine principle of *leisure* — that life is not altogether a pursuit — that there are golden hours in it full of enrichment when we may "feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness," —

The grass hath time to grow in meadow-lands,
And leisurely the opal, murmuring sea
Breaks on its yellow sands.

And this is living indeed; we are following after nothing, not even enjoyment; we cannot tell how it came to pass, "it *seems* that we are happy;" we have paused for a little on our journey, at the wells, to drink, and the rest has made us dreamy; and yet, though we seek them not, great gains are ours; they come to us of themselves, like that physical balm and those quiet thoughts that come to us, while we lie cool and languid, satisfied for hours to watch half unconsciously the changes of the light, after a long illness, in the first days of returning health. But we cannot always get to the grassy meadow or the yellow sands. And we should therefore be glad to have upon our shelves some books which may serve as a partial substitute for these — books which we read with no view to remote advantages, over which we may linger restfully when we return home wearied and faint with the pursuing of the day. A great master in the philosophy of living wisely has spoken on this whole subject in a way worthy of himself, and of a heart, which if men would only believe the possession of two things by one person possible, they would see was as noble as his head. "It was doubtless intended," wrote Bishop Butler, in his first sermon upon the love of God, "that life should be very much a pursuit to the gross of men. But this is carried so much farther than is reasonable, that what gives immediate satisfaction, *i. e.*, our present interest, is scarce considered as our interest at all. It is inventions which have only a remote tendency towards enjoyment, perhaps but a remote tendency towards gaining the means only of enjoyment, which are chiefly spoken of as useful in the world."

Innocent enjoyment, how good a thing it is! It keeps the temper sweet, and, when it is mixed with love and thankfulness and sunny days, brings us some of that spirit of pure, gentle, and peaceable wisdom which we might aptly name after Izaak Walton. And he of all men perhaps knew best what lei-

sure was, and must have done his business even in a quiet, old-fashioned way. There were no monster shops in those days, and his in Cheapside was only seven feet and a half in length; but that house was doubtless the place he lived in, his home, and therefore we do not hear that he ever called it a "concern" or an "establishment." He enjoyed many pleasant hours in it, we may be sure, reading Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and Silvester's translation of Du Bartas; and sometimes he could leave it for a day, or several days, to wander with "honest Nat and R. Roe" along the edge of green fields, rods in hand, like honest fishermen, pitying the "poor rich men" who grudged themselves a rest, listening to the milkmaid's song, and bringing their braces of trout in the evening to some country inn, where the ale was good, and the sheets were fragrant with lavender. And innocent enjoyment is a good for ever. It does not die with the passing day. Often, years after, the remembrance of a single moment — when we reached a hill top and suddenly beheld the sea, when we found in latter February or early March the first spring-flowers, when we listened to the gladness of some pure soprano air, or the storm of choral passion — the remembrance of this comes upon us with a keen thrill of pleasure, almost as it first seemed in the nerves themselves, —

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into the purer mind
With tranquil restoration.

Doubtless the remembrance of the enjoyment we have had from literature (from poetry even) is a much less rapturous pleasure than these; but, on the other hand, it is much less evanescent, and more easily reproducible, and when the original enjoyment was heightened by sympathy, the pleasure of the remembrance — even the remembrance of an hour's novel-reading — may reach a point of considerable elevation.

To realize the maximum of delight derivable from novel-reading several unfavourable circumstances have to be excluded. You must not be solitary; you must not be old (the delicate haze of morning should give some mystery to life); you must on no account be married; and conscience must not once say that you ought to be at work. A little indisposition which keeps you for a day or two in bed will sometimes not detract from your pleasure; only it must not be such as to require your hands to remain under the clothes, for there has

yet been offered no satisfactory solution of the great problem of convalescence, — how to hold a book, and turn the pages, without letting your nursetenders suspect there is danger of catching cold. It is best to allow some one to read to you aloud; and if you have ever so done yourself for one who was very dear, you will know that the reader's enjoyment is often greater than the listener's. And there is surely some one who will not think it hard to leave the drawing-room and the music (you cannot hear it) and the talk for your sake, to come to your bedside, and make the pillows cool, and read in a clear, sweet voice the books you like, for an hour or thereabout, till the darkness falls, and you, knowing it may be done with a good conscience, and no ingratitude, have dropped away to sleep.

But on the whole (to bring together all the conditions of delight), you will enjoy a novel most if you are in health, resting after work, with a prospect of continued rest, under golden five-and-twenty rather than over it, and if you read the novel aloud, in the summer, in the country, to a small but sympathetic circle of hearers. And there exist, not only in the fictions, but in every shire of real England, so many hospitable Uncle Georges, so many kind Aunt Janes, and so many agreeable cousins, that all the above conditions may probably be realized if you but say "yes" when they ask you down in midsummer, from the grey walls and now deserted quadrangles of college, upon a visit of indefinite length. The change is a great and pleasant one. The delightful rambling old house! What shadows of leafy boughs sway upon your blind at night! What whispering there is of rippled grass when you open your window in the morning! The cream is wonderful. The little pats of cool pale butter are admirable works of art. It is pleasant to see the calves feed — those creatures with soft liquid eyes, and lips that drip as they pause to give one another's ears a fraternal lick. And though at first you were taken a little aback by the number of Heros and Neros and Gertys and Flirts, you soon find out their distinctive personality, and learn the character of every living thing, down to the gander and the turkey-cock. Then you are supposed to have been killing yourself with work, and are gravely exhorted to the duty of idling for a little. To which exhortations you, with a gentle remonstrance (implying their general futility, with a willingness to resign your most ardent desires, for once, to be obliging), allow yourself to yield. There is a general impression that you have lately

obtained a fellowship or two, or at least something which proves you to be (as you overheard your maiden aunt telling the rector's wife) "a remarkably clever young man." You ride with your cousins Fanny and Lucy one day, and with your cousins Emily and Anne the next, a horse being always ready for you to keep you from "those books." You interest yourself in the parish feuds, espousing the family cause in the great stray-donkey question. You discuss Tennyson and Longfellow, and even give esoteric teaching, to a select school of one, in the mysteries of Robert Browning. You wonder why the "Psalm of Life" is underlined and marked so emphatically in young ladies' volumes of poetry — are they all going to leave "footprints on the sands of time?" — or has the marking here a hidden reference to the curate, whose soul, its sorrows and its aspirations are known to Emily? You throw off free expositions of the more trying passages of "In Memoriam;" and then, to test your cousins' critical acumen, you read as a recently published poem of the Laureate's your own verses on "Youth and Love;" which having in simple faith been received and admired, the girls rise in your esteem and you confess the innocent deceit. You visit the dairy, and help those dainty little feet over the slobbery yard. You return and take part in the duets of Mendelssohn, or listen to sonatas of Beethoven. And, last, you suggest that if it be generally approved, and if a number of imaginary objections, which ingeniously indicate your thoughtfulness, are of no weight, you will begin the first volume of Somebody's "Secret," or "Legacy," or "Small House," or of "James and I," or "John Jenkins," or "How did he get it?" — the great novel of the day. A leap-up in all the voices is sufficient evidence that the suggestion is an agreeable one, the considerate Fanny only, after crying, "O do, Charley," reminding her sisters in a faint way that perhaps Charles had rather be reading his books. You generously declare your readiness to sacrifice the afternoon. Whereupon ensues an impromptu round or catch, well concerted and sustained, "Wait one moment till I bring my work. Wait till I bring my work, one moment;" and before the girls return with the Berlin-wool, the anti-macassar, the crochet-edging, and the Dorcas rudimentary you-know-not-what, you have, without question, been pronounced "such a good fellow!" instead of the shabby humbug that you are. Your uncle is in the five-acre with the dogs, your aunt is superintending some wonderful preserves — a

spécialité of the house — which in course of preparation fill the room with an indefinable distant peachy odour; the maiden aunt nods visibly in the arm-chair, only asserting her wakefulness at times by preternaturally intelligent questions; and now she is fairly gone; you are left clearly monarch of all you survey, with the sense of being a magnificent monarch too, and of diffusing pleasure amongst your subjects with generous self-sacrifice.

But the essential prerogative of novel-reading as a relaxation is, that one can enjoy it anywhere, and at almost any time when enjoyment is possible. If one is seasick, or has the tooth-ache, or has a suit in chancery, of course there is nothing for it but to be as miserable as possible, and get some satisfaction in that way. And it is some satisfaction to believe oneself by far the most unfortunate, ill-used, unhappy person in the world; it is a source of great dignity. The man who got *miserrimus* cut upon his tombstone must have had one pleasure all his own, when he reflected how far below him the poor folk were who knew only the positive and comparative degrees of wretchedness; and was it not Mrs. Pullet's chief support under the afflictions of life to remember that she had consumed more bottles of medicine than any woman in the parish? But nearly every one who has the capacity of happiness in him is capable of being made happier by a pleasant book. Croquet is a very charming game, but you cannot croquet on a winter's evening in the parlour. Advertisements tell us that some inventive tradesman will supply ladies and gentlemen with skates that run upon a drawing-room carpet. But unless the mistress of the drawing-room be possessed with a generous desire to further the manufactures of Kidderminster or Brussels, she will probably object to this popular in-door amusement. An enthusiastic cricketer — a college friend of the writer's — was, he remembers, many years since, often to be seen of a morning, in pink shirt and cap, bowling against a *Liddell and Scott* set up in the corner of his chamber. But, after all, these eminent lexicographers were unsatisfactory bats, and too invariably allowed themselves to be taken by a "twister." There are many people to whom whist is now a mystery, and in a company of six nominally well-educated persons (may these words not reach thine ear, dear shade of Sarah Battle!) one may be reduced to double-dummies. And then, which of all these pleasures will make the hours pass, when a wet day finds you on your summer

ramble among the lakes and mountains, and the length of grey cloud, and the incessant sound of the rain-fall forbid one foot-step over the threshold? If you are wise you will forget on such days that it is July or August, call for a fire in your bedroom, and order all the books in the house to be sent up. And sometimes your good fortune will surprise you. In a wild corner of Ireland, who could have expected to find a volume of the *Calcutta Magazine* for 1810, the hymns of Mr. Wesley, the *Adventures of an Atom*, and, best of all, a tattered copy of *Waverley*? In such company a man is superior to fate, and may laugh at the weather. And if a thunderstorm should ever keep the reader housed in the valley of the Aar, at Reichenbach, let him know that there is to be found in the dining-room book-case, beside many other works of interest, a German version of the letters of that true English gentleman, Sir Charles Grandison, and of the Honourable Miss Harriet Byron. Get far into it while the rain sweeps down the hill-sides, and keep all the while at the bottom of your heart an assurance that the sun will shine bright tomorrow on the descending, rocket-like shoots of the falls, and the delicate azure of the Rosenlauri ice-field. And let us all thank these novel-writers for the many pleasant hours they have given us, and for their preserving weather-bound travellers from a multitude of sins—grumbling, discontent, ill-temper, and (before dinner) determined misanthropy.

To come to another point, you must now suppose the last entire paragraph a parenthesis, and suppose that, dusk having fallen, the cousins' hands lie idle on their laps, and you have finished your reading aloud. In the conversation which immediately ensues you may learn something of the manner in which that important system of female ethics, and that transcendental female Philosophy of the Affections, with which we are all familiar, are developed and brought to perfection. If the hero of your novel has only made himself miserable enough, and remained unflinchingly constant, from the middle of the first volume till the naughty uncle is found dead over his ledger, and the will all right, in the last chapter but one, why, then he must have been a hero indeed. And when you, with a shadowy reminiscence of some article in a recent *Saturday Review*, insinuate the low doctrine that a man may have two sincere attachments at once, or at least in a single lifetime, are you not peremptorily commanded "not to be horrible," and does

not Fanny say to Anne not to mind Charles, for "*she knows* he does not believe half he says?" And it is certainly trying to find yesterday evening's conversation so well remembered, when you admitted there were some men whose first love is the love of all their lives, and philosophized at large on the subject in a much sounder strain, arguing (after De Quincey) that a succession of *passioncles* exhausts the soil of the heart and impairs the capacity for genuine and profound emotion. But you will retract nothing, and maintain, against much opposition, the consistency of all that you have put forth. Till, finding yourself sentenced to separation for heresy from all cousinly communion during an indefinite period of time, your contumacy gives way, and you profess a sincere desire for restoration, with a readiness to undergo any appointed penance after tea, whether it be listening to Beethoven upon the sofa, or going on with the novel, or holding skeins of Berlin wool on outstretched hands, while the soft yarn glides under and around and over, with a silent rhythm, or requires the approach of dainty fingers and two serious eyes to release it from its deep entanglements. How refined is the casuistry of these little moralists—the subtle, angelical, seraphic little doctors! What eloquent pleaders they become when you arraign some favourite hero who loved not wisely, but too well! What charitable distinctions they discover! What store of recon-dite motives they suggest! How high a standard of morality they establish for uncles and hard-hearted guardians! Many of the thinkers of modern times have learned more of dialectic, of psychology, of ethics, from such conversations as these (this is literally true), than from all the *Summa Theologiae* of Aquinas.

Seriously, we do want something to talk about, some personal themes not incentive of that sprightly malice (not to speak of the "malignant truth or lie") and that tell-tale gossip which leaves so bitter an after-taste on the lips of any kind or thoughtful person. It is not a pleasant thing to blush when we are alone. It is a very painful thing to long keenly and in vain to undo a moment's ill-work of the tongue, the shame and sorrow of idle words,—that hasty piece of injustice, that repetition of what was intended to be uttered but once, that exaggeration indulged at the expense of truth and simplicity of mind, that sudden betrayal of the heart to an impulse of vanity, that unfortunate speech meant merely to fill a gap in conversation, but

which wrung the nerves of some listener as sharply as if it had been purposely brutal. There is an awkwardness, and a painful acknowledgment of either intellectual indigence or want of mutual sympathy, when we discuss the weather three times on the same evening. But two novel-readers who have not yet grown old, and have therefore life enough to dispense some of it on imaginary creations,—these happy talkers have always subjects of conversation, rich with human interest, and opening constant opportunities for an interchange of opinions on the philosophy and the causticity of life. Such themes did Wordsworth love best, and if the dearest were—

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,

one who knew him well has told us that the poet could be happy in less divine company than Shakspeare's, and in a less ethereal world than Fairyland, loved Fielding well, and doubtless included in his personal themes some which we surely have not forgotten—the Adventures of Partridge, and Tom Jones, and Parson Adams, and Sophia Western, and the Squire, and Amelia, and Captain Booth. How many friends these novelists have given us whose doings and sayings we may pleasantly remind one another of, applaud, and censure, and laugh over, and grow tender to think of, even when the book has lain dusty on our shelves for months and months. One had rather lose sight of a good many of one's acquaintances than of that homely Wakefield family. One had rather have a good many doors closed on one than the door of that hospitable little vicarage. Every room of it we know,—we have seen the mantelpiece with the epitaph over it of the monogamist's only wife; the walls adorned with pictures of Sophy's and Livy's own designing; the bed "those boys" that got a lump of sugar each gave up to Mr. Burchell; and the closet where Deborah kept her gooseberry wine. Nor should we like to forget the Dominic Sampson, nor Jeanie Deans, nor Colonel Newcombe, nor old Dob, nor Mark Tapley, nor Mrs. Gamp. A goodly company! Are you over-grave? Here are merry people for you. Would you be quiet? Keep away the terrible folk who visit your sick-room in obstreperous boots, sit upon your bed-clothes, exhort you to cheer up, and maintain that you require to be roused; and call some of these gentle, tender people—Ruth Pinch if you will, or Mrs. Pendennis, to sit by you, and tell

you about Tom, or darling Arthur. And you may talk freely of them all. These patient shadows do not readily take offence. The most litigious of them will never bring you before a jury for slander. Here is a brave world, where you may walk about, and take your pleasure, and see life. The small and the great are here, kings and counsellors of the earth, and crossing-sweepers, and beggar-maids. And you understand them so thoroughly. Shadows!—they are as real to us as most men and women,—infinitely more real than many of the unknown creatures whose smooth clothes and smooth faces we see perhaps every day of the year, never getting at the hearts of them; or those persons whom we might understand were we a little less eager to classify them, had we not made such complete and consistent characters for them, on the leading-passion or some such theory, in our own dramatic imaginations.

And here we may take notice of a gain, perhaps the greatest gain, we can hope to derive from a novel. This dramatizing imagination of ours has its uses. Nay, without it life could not be a spiritual thing at all. Stimulated by love, and reacting upon love, it is the very soul of sympathy. It is the interpreter of man to man. Every action of our fellows is for us inhuman, merely mechanical, until we have ourselves put a soul behind it, until indeed we have played the dramatist, and become for a moment the man before us: and every action of ours is for others, until they have done the like, inhuman and mechanical. Uninterpreted by this wise, imaginative sympathy, our alms-deed is only so many pence, and a motion of the muscles of the face; interpreted, that motion stands for all the yearning with which our heart cries, though our lips are silent, "O my brother, O my poor sister, I love, I pity you." This is a case in which no one could be dull enough to miss the meaning of man to man. But in the multitude of cases, subtler than this, the habit of ready, faithful, and charitable interpreting of man and woman by fellow-man and woman has been, we must believe, too feebly exercised. Surely were it otherwise there would be more of tenderness, more of thoughtful kindness, more of mutual forbearance, more of charity; and less of hardness, less of ineffective goodwill, less of mutual interference, less of censoriousness. With some happy souls, indeed, this interpretation is a native power; they are the geniuses in social life or in literature, diffusing without an effort happiness and light; but with most of us it is in great

part a habit to be patiently acquired. And just in proportion as it exists does life become a divine and spiritual thing, material facts becoming more and more the symbols of mental, till often, with two souls that have been loving students of one another, the mere "touch of hand, or turn of head," is the perfectest seal and declaration of an inward covenant which language is too pure a work of thought to express. Now we may consider this sympathy which we so much want to get, as made up of a wise imagination, love, self-knowledge, and experience. For love it is which gives us first the will, and then imagination gives us power and insight, and experience and reflection give us the empirical laws of this interpretation by sympathy. Goodwill alone is not sufficient; it yearns and is powerless. There is, indeed, something very touching, we have all felt it, in love that strives to sympathise though it can understand but little (as in the devotion of a lower human intelligence to one it recognizes as higher, or even in the sad, mute eyes of a dog, conscious of his master's distress); but this love invariably weakens and breaks us down, instead of sustaining us. The "understanding heart" is so much better than the heart. Yet even this we too seldom find. For how very much of selfishness, and pride, and the blindness of pride, and the disease of superficial curiosity, is required to account for the amazing equanimity with which so many men endure all the sorrows of their acquaintance, and of the world at large! But with their imaginations stifled under the pressure of over-much worldly work, unwatered by the dew which falls upon the heart in an hour of leisure and of peace, or, it may be, made gross by indulgence in things sensual, how can we hope that the unseen, the future, or the remote, will possess any reality to the minds of men? Before men can sympathize, they must be given the power, and acquire the perceptions of sight.

But what has all this to do with novels? Much, indeed; for our novelist (but he must be a thoroughly good one) will help us here, inasmuch as he will afford culture to that dramatizing imagination spoken of above, inasmuch as he will lead us to self-knowledge, and will give us, in a form most interesting and impressive, the record of his own reflections and observations concerning mental conditions, how they express themselves, and how they are commonly misunderstood. And it ought not to be forgotten that, but for this mode of utterance, many voices from which we have learned

much should have remained for ever silent; many lives should have passed out of the world comparatively unutilized. That nature, full of noble reserve and true womanliness (we can acknowledge so much now) which gave birth to *Villette* and *Jane Eyre*, in what form but that of fictitious narrative could it have declared itself? When Charlotte Brontë wrote in verse, she was scarcely a poet. She would have shrunk, perhaps too violently, from the anguish and exposure of an autobiography. But for that branch of literature to which, even in her childish years (so clear was the true tendency), she instinctively turned, a soul like hers, endowed with quite unique gifts, and possessing so rich though sorrowful an experience, could never have made us partakers of its wealth, could never even have fully realized that wealth for itself. Those wild lights, intense in their joyousness and in their sadness, like the lights that we have seen sometimes pass over a troubled sea on a stormy day in June, could never have gleamed forth for us; we should have known somewhat less than we do know of the secrets of self-conflict, the life in solitude, and the mysterious affinities which guide the elections of the heart.

The novelist who could afford much culture in sympathy must, we have said, be a thoroughly good one; for the automaton-manufacturer does not teach men much about physiology, and those moral automatons, called men and women in the story-books, are alike deficient of heart and brain and bowels, and execute their simple movements by aid of a few powerful springs in them, called motives and leading-passions, in a way altogether violent and mechanical. These are easy things to understand; but human beings are truly very hard things to understand, and are never to be quite made out. And yet, as Mr. Carlyle has taught us, there is no book so inept that it may not bring a lesson to somebody. Therefore, let these clothes-horse, speech-making heroes and heroines remain; they may be complex enough to give some reader a new hint regarding the constituents of character, among many simple folk there is so exceedingly rude a psychology, so exceedingly blank a chart of human nature. But it is not well that half-a-dozen principles of action should be resorted to as sufficiently explaining all the doings of men for the threescore years and ten. The consequence is strikingly evil; many an innocent look is interpreted as pride—how else could it be accounted for? many an innocent saying as malice; characters are made

out too readily, many natural varieties are regarded as monstrous growths, apparent inconsistencies of conduct are multiplied, and a false proportion is established between the recognized classes of emotions. How much too large a place, for instance, is allotted, in most rural parishes with which we are acquainted, to the truly important, yet, truly, not all-important, emotion of love; while in the very same place this "being in love" is understood to comprehend only a few of its least highly organized, and often most vulgar forms, popularly known as "setting-her-cap-at-him," "being-soft-on," and "desperately smitten," instead of including at least the three hundred and fifty-four distinct species, which the Germans have enumerated and classified. From all which facts we deduce the conclusion that valuable additions to the elements of bucolic mental science may be made by even the simple demoniac-seraphic school of fiction — by analysts less searching and less profound than George Eliot, by observers not half so sensitive, so painstaking, or so honest as Jane Austen.

There are two different ways by which the novelist attains that truth which is necessary to render his work of value in the culture of sympathy, and the two writers just named may be taken to illustrate the difference. Not only are the ways in which truth is attained different, the truth itself, and the resulting culture, are different also. No English writers have been more earnest or successful realists in literature than Jane Austen and George Eliot. Their books (to borrow the epithet Dr. Johnson applied to Reynolds) are amongst the most "invulnerable" books we read. They have a secret respect for truth, and will not be seduced from their calm self-possession to gain a dishonest effect, or make an unsound, telling point. A false touch would pain them (Jane Austen's sensibilities would suffer more, and George Eliot's conscience) though no one were to detect it but themselves. That sense of responsibility broods upon them, "which led the Greek to be as diligent in working out that part of the statue which would be hidden by the wall of the temple, as that part which would be exposed to the eye, 'because the gods would look upon them both.'" They love their work, and therefore finish the details in an untrifling way. They are free from the impatience and anxiety to shine, which possess the merely clever artist. They are great artists, and are therefore calm, sincere, never unscrupulously brilliant. But these writers work after different methods, and

the difference is one of much importance, and of wide application. Jane Austen is pre-eminently the novelist who attains by observation; George Eliot pre-eminently the novelist who attains by meditation. It must not, of course, be supposed that either possesses the one power to the exclusion of the other. Jane Austen's quick, clear, and faultless reading off of whatever she had heard and seen into its mental equivalent was not acquired without much previous reflection; yet even here it was noticeable the reflection was of a strictly observative kind, and not of that brooding kind which is allied to the creative imagination; it was simply internal observation. In like manner George Eliot is no mere analyst or self-evolver. She is an observer of wide range and exquisite delicacy, with an eye for some things Jane Austen never saw, or saw but dimly — the eddying flow of pleasant streams, the outlines and colouring of trees, the light forms and wayward caprices of clouds in spring, and many other such things; and, lastly, little children, both the angelical and the forward.* And here it is worth noticing, by the way, the strange circumstance that a woman so amiable as Miss Austen should nowhere throughout her writings have shown a loving sympathy with children; they are rarely more than glanced at from a grown-up, comparatively uninterested point of view; they are troublesome little

* Is it possible that Miss Austen did see these things, and yet for some reason was silent about them? And if so, can we offer any conjecture as to what the reason may have been? In *Mansfield Park* occurs the following passage:—"Their road was through a pleasant country; and Fanny, whose rides had never been extensive, was soon beyond her knowledge, and was very happy in observing all that was new, and admiring all that was pretty. . . . In observing the appearance of the country, the bearings of the roads, the difference of soil, the state of the harvest, the cottages, the cattle, the children, she found entertainment that could only have been heightened by having Edmund to speak to of what she felt. . . . Miss Crawford had none of Fanny's delicacy of tastes, of mind, of feeling; she saw nature, inanimate nature, with little observation; her attention was all for men and women; her talents for the light and lively."

Was Miss Austen's attention, then, *not* all for men and women? From her earliest, though last published work, *Northanger Abbey*, we learn how she started in literature in open antagonism to the romantic school of fiction; how her tendencies were deliberately set in opposition to that school. Is it possible that she might have said more about this "inanimate nature" if Mrs. Radcliffe had not said so much? All we can certainly affirm is, that if Miss Austen saw the external world, she saw it in the way of active observation, not in that effortless way in which the poetical spirits see, to whom the perception comes whole and unsought, and, if analyzed at all, is analyzed for the most part unconsciously, by the leadings of the sensations and sentiments which suffuse and mingle with it. She would have agreed with *Matthew* in thinking *William* somewhat of an idler, while he sat that morning, on the old gray stone, by Esthwaite lake.

bodies, of whom, as a general rule, the less we see the better; they are introduced in order that a gleam may be thrown upon the character of mother, or aunt, or friend, or visitor, from a new point of reflection; their own little lives are left unconsidered; there is no Eppie, no Totty Poyser, no Maggie or Tom Tulliver. The truth probably is that Miss Austen's own was a very ordinary childhood, and not one likely to attract the study of her mature mind; her powers were of a kind perhaps not usually much developed in early life; but however this may be, they were not such as would have made an interesting childhood, since the gains they brought would not have deposited themselves in the past, but be carried on to form part of adult thought and feeling.

But, returning to the main subject, it is unquestionable that whatever points in common there are between these two great novelists, the difference is organic, and strongly marked. When Jane Austen reflects, she is moved to it upon the impulse or occasion of what she has observed. George Eliot meditates because she cannot choose but search into that wonderful nature of hers, and, searching, she finds that she contains within herself a wonderful world of men and women. Under the guidance of that inner light (with many a *prudens interrogatio* which is *dimidium scientiæ*) she looks abroad, observes, verifies all, and adds whatever sight can add to thought. In a word, Jane Austen seeks in herself the interpretation of the world. George Eliot finds in the world the interpretation and evolution of herself. Lord Macaulay has ranked Jane Austen amongst the writers who approach, in their presentation of character, nearest Shakespeare. And if we determine her position by the truth, sincerity, and perfection of her workmanship, this judgment is just. But her mind and manner of work were not Shakspearian. It is the great novelist of our own day who has wrought in Shakespeare's manner to the extent of a nature not universal like his, yet large and sympathetic.

And now observe the difference in the results obtained by these two modes of workmanship. If Jane Austen's work is Shakspearian, it is so in its thoroughness, delicacy, and perfection, not in its range and comprehensiveness. It is simply impossible that the range of an observer should be Shakspearian. Shakespeare himself did not find, and could not have found, his men and women in the narrow world of Stratford or London live. He found them in the great world of his own soul. Shakespeare did not see but was Hamlet and Othello, Falstaff,

and Jaques. Who so regal as Shakespeare's kings? Were they compounded, think you, from observations of a paltry James? The modern writer who is commonly supposed to have possessed the most of Shakespeare's spirit has fortunately made us acquainted with his method of working in an explicit declaration. "Knowledge of the world," said Goethe to Eckermann, "is inborn with the genuine poet, and he needs not much experience or varied observation to represent it. I wrote *Goetz von Berlichingen* as a young man of two-and-twenty, and was astonished ten years after at the truth of my delineation." But Goethe was not *subjective*? True, if you mean that his writings are impersonal, but most false if you mean to imply that he was not profoundly introspective.

Not only, however, is the original store of characters at the command of the mere observer very limited, the development of these few characters is limited also. Not only would Shakespeare probably never have found an Othello in Fleet street or Eastcheap, — even had he been so fortunate, it is not likely that the Moor would appear to him otherwise than as the high-spirited, gracious gentleman he would be to strangers. But as things were, no secret of his heart or life was hidden from the poet, who followed him unseen, and was freer of every house in the wave-wed city, whether merchant's, or Moor's, or senator's, than the Duke himself or any magnifico. Far otherwise is it with the admirable authoress of *Mansfield Park* and *Emma*. First, her whole field of study lies in a single level of English society, and everything beside, in the heaven above and in the earth beneath, is viewed from that level. Humble life does not exist for her in itself, with its own joys and sorrows; it exists only in relation to the people of the Park or the Hall. She accepts as adequate the dictionary's logical definition of servant — "One who serves, whether male or female — correlative of master, mistress, or employer." The same scenery appears for all the dramas, and there is little shifting of it during each piece. It is always, "Scene, a gentleman's residence in the country, or his house in Bath or London," with that memorable exception when the curtain rises to place us among the Prices of Southampton. These are exquisite pictures — not photographs, because no work of actinism and collodion is illuminated with the light of artistic consciousness which illuminates these, nor is pervaded by that subtle charm which, bringing all the soul into the face, renders one

of those delicate miniatures of our beautiful mothers or grandmothers in youth a far truer likeness than any of the grim, slaty faces which stare at one another in our modern albums. But, secondly, the development of character in Miss Austen's novels is not broad. The baronet, the officer, the lawyer, the rector, the rector's wife, and all the young ladies, get through life, as most people do, in a very quiet way, between visits, drives, dances, dinners, "explorings," private theatricals, and an occasional elopement. There is no deep passion stirred, no lofty purpose embraced, the mandate of a higher than prudential wisdom (there is no occasion for it), no moment of rapturous self-devotion, no struggle against terrible temptation, no sound of the bitter cry (which, God knows, is often simple truth), "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." The essentially solitary motions of the soul are left quite unexpressed. Those passages of life which are not rich in social incidents, though they may be rich in spiritual progress or decline, are not detailed. Solitude, with Miss Austen, means usually retiring from society to one's bedroom or elsewhere, and thinking about it. A strong mind, a sweet temper, and a high sense of duty, may be developed without the life in solitude; but hardly a spiritual nature. And in Jane Austen's heroines we find all the former in a remarkable degree; but the latter we do not so much directly perceive, as infer from the grace and harmony of the character in its social movements, impressing us with the sense of a completeness, orderliness, and even balance in the powers of the soul—the Platonic *dikaiousune*—which could not exist if any of the more important of them were absent or depressed. From *Anne Elliot* we learn much; but with all her weakness (the weakness of a nature full of unappropriated strength) we receive a more momentous spiritual impulse from *Maggie Tulliver*; not simply because the elements of her character were more massive, and of more regal power, but because we are brought immediately into contact with those elements which are especially life-giving, those which are most fully charged with the electric energy of the soul. And who will estimate lives by their apparent success or failure? *Maggie's* life was a failure, precisely because the forces in her nature were all so strong, her rich sensuousness, her profound emotions, her intense spiritual cravings. They were in conflict, not in harmony, it is true, and hence the weakness and the sorrow. But Dorlcote Mill and St. Ogg's were not the

best places, nor Thomas à Kempis and a very materialistic brother (a mere moralist) the most favourable persons, for inducing the harmonious development of faculties like hers. In the writings of Jane Austen there is earnest and faultless realism, and the masterful quiet of conscious power; but there are in life higher realities than those she has considered, and they can be attained only by a different method.

And now let us see how these two kinds of novels afford different kinds of culture to the reader. No one, with any openness of spirit, can read Jane Austen's novels without insensibly receiving the power, more or less, of sympathetic interpretation in the ordinary intercourse of social life. The instruction thus afforded is as if we were taken into the very places and company represented, and saw unfolded the inner meaning of all the natural and conventional symbolism before us. We are made thoughtfuller by this and tenderer; wiser, too, for we learn much about petty vanity and petty malice. We learn to detect much latent self-flattery in the conversation of ourselves and of those around us. We come to discriminate the various social intonations (written or spoken) which, as in monosyllabic languages, determine the various significances of sounds that have no appreciable difference to the uneducated ear. We are taught to recognize the piece of shy love, or lurking selfishness, or delicate deceit, by a single twinkle in the sunlight, before it is aware of itself and retreats; and we thus gain in power, becoming masters of the situation. And we learn also a great deal about the little daily cares and anxieties and desires of others; we learn to understand their nature, and rightly to anticipate, divine, and make allowance for them. But George Eliot, not neglecting this, though doing it less thoroughly, teaches us higher things with the same truth. She too makes us wiser and tenderer—wiser and tenderer by showing us the entire history of certain wonderful human souls, making them declare themselves even when they are most alone, and making us accept and understand them even when they are taken in the toils of calamity or of sin. 'I sedulously disciplined my mind,' wrote Spinoza, 'neither to laugh at, nor bewail, nor detest the actions of men; but to understand them.' In the same spirit has George Eliot thought and written. And with her, the result of understanding men, notwithstanding all their poverty of intellect, and all their feebleness of will, as it must ever be, is love. A poor, diseased, dim-eyed,

miserly Silas Marner even has sight in his eyes and room on his breast for the golden curls of Eppie, and may be called father by his adopted child.

In the literature of power (to use the happy terminology of De Quincey), the novel ranks next after the poem. It is, in both, the high function of genius to repossess with life and force those great practical truths which, from their very familiarity and universal recognition, have become inoperative in the soul.* And here we must acknowledge a certain deficiency in the writings of Jane Austen. The truths she teaches are not the great elementary principles of existence; they are rather what Bacon would call the *axiomata media* of living wisely. As a moralist she is not profounder than Addison, though on the same level she makes subtler and more original discoveries. She does not enter that region where discoveries are impossible, because it is deep within us, and "as old as human reason," because the laws which operate there are few, well-known, and of import in every time and place. Jane Austen does not attempt to revive in us a sense of the strength that comes by self-renunciation, of the moral operancy of suffering, of the indestructible causative power existing in every deed done, of the truth of that which Coleridge has called the first axiom of human prudence—"that there is a wisdom higher than prudence itself." But perhaps these grave principles cannot be effectively or suitably taught in a work of fiction? The answer will be found in the works of that writer whom we have been comparing with Jane Austen, in which such principles as these control the movement of the narrative, and form the means of its evolution. And yet these are no novels-of-purpose, no temperance prize-tales, no apologies whose moral is the blessedness of the man that feareth the rubrics, or the joy that comes upon a parish (and especially upon one young female parishioner) from the presence of an evangelical curate. We know those novels-of-purpose at a glance; we are indignant with the man who would entice us into listening to his homily under pretence of amusing us; we see the sulphur in that treacle, pah! and will none of it. We have begun to doubt the reality of those stories that wind finely up with the orthodox piece of poetical justice, and much more to doubt the soundness of their ethical tendency. We do not think such teaching very interesting or very noble. We know the

end beforehand. Naughty Harry will infallibly be torn by the lion, and the amiable brother will feast on cakes and apples. The boy who eats his neighbour's fruit is predestinated to the stomach-ache, which, present or prospective, in a severer or a slighter form, is a notable agent in the regeneration of the soul. We will not have lives manufactured to order. But sometimes it happens that a real life does speak audibly to some one, whispering, it may be, words of comfort and of joy, or uttering, it may be, terrible warning and denouncement; and *will* have its whole tale told; nothing suppressed because it might startle the conventions and proprieties and pruderies; will have the entire life, the light and the dark of it painted—the weakness, the iron consequence, the bitter sorrow, and then—no more than this, no explanatory sermons, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Such teaching is great, and often sad, but always sound, and always has some hope in it, because it is the teaching of truth and nature, and of a world which, after all, is not the devil's, but God's.

There remains another of the more important uses of fiction to notice, with which this paper may conclude. And here Mr. Mill has spoken so wisely and yet so warmly, that we may well be silent. "The time was," (Mr. Mill wrote these words in 1838) "when it was thought that the best and most appropriate office of fictitious narrative was to awaken high aspirations, by the representation, in interesting circumstances, of characters conformable indeed to human nature, but whose actions and sentiments were of a more generous and loftier cast than are ordinarily to be met with by everybody in every-day life. But now-a-days nature and probability are thought to be violated if there be shown to the reader, in the personages with whom he is called upon to sympathize, characters on a larger scale than himself or than the persons he is accustomed to meet at a dinner or a quadrille party. Yet, from such representations, familiar from early youth, have not only the noblest minds in modern Europe derived much of what made them noble, but even the commoner spirits what made them understand and respond to nobleness. And *this* is education. It would be well if the more narrow-minded portion both of the religious and of the scientific education-mongers would consider whether the books which they are banishing from the hands of youth were not instruments of national education to the full as powerful as the catalogues of physical facts and theological dogmas which they

* Coleridge: *The Friend*, vol. i. Essay xv.

have substituted, — as if science and religion were to be taught not by imbuing the mind with their spirit, but by cramming the memory with summaries of their conclusions. Not what a boy or girl can repeat by rote, but what they have learnt to love and admire, is what forms their character. The chivalrous spirit has almost disappeared from books of education; the popular novels of the day teach nothing but (what is already too soon learnt from actual life) lessons of worldliness, with at most the hackstering virtues which conduce to getting on in the world; and for the first time perhaps in history, the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are universally growing up unromantic. What will come in mature age from such a youth the world has not yet had time to see. But the world

may rely upon it that catechisms, whether Pinnoke's or the Church of England's, will be found a poor substitute for those old romances, whether of chivalry or of faëry, which if they did not give a true picture of actual life, did not give a false one, since they did not profess to give any, but (what was much better) filled the youthful imagination with pictures of heroic men, and of what are at least as much wanted, heroic women.*

To combine the presentation of an ideal — a true and noble ideal — with the culture of sympathy should be the aim of the writer of fiction who desires that his work should be the highest of its kind. And to do this is possible. DECEM.

* *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. i. — "A Prophecy."

To the Editor of the Living Age: — A few days since, looking over the number of your Magazine dated Nov. 25th, my attention was attracted by a notice of the death of Joshua Ware, for many years in your service. I can hardly explain why it was so, but this brief notice touched me strangely, though an entire stranger to its subject; and I have been led to enclose the lines hereunto appended as a slight expression of the thoughts suggested by your remarks.

I beg you to believe that I have no wish to intrude myself upon you, nor have I any thought of your deeming my humble verse meritorious in a literary sense. I address you simply because I fancy it may not be displeasing to you to know how suggestive was your kindly remembrance of one who served you so long and faithfully to a "subscriber," and an ardent admirer of the "Living Age."

JOSHUA WARE.

Died, 9th Nov. 1865. Aged 80 years.

For twenty years Carrier of the "Living Age."

Fall gently, O weeping rain!
O wind! sigh soft and low;

Soothingly fold thy counterpane
O'er the old man's grave, O fleecy snow!

A thousand weary walks,
And now he has gone to his rest;
His aged form to his mother earth,
His childlike soul to the home o' the blest.

A thousand weary walks
Through snow and wind and rain;
And now on the breast of the God o' the poor
The wayfarer's spirit is tenderly laid.

Sleep sweetly, O traveller worn!
Thy wearisome journey is o'er.
Through toil and privation the goal has been
won,
And peace shall attend thee, and joy evermore.

While ever thy gentle face,
And tottering footstep's sound,
Shall hover about the accustomed place
Each week, as of old, when the book goes
round, —

Then weep, O gentle rain!
Thy mantle let fall, O snow!
Till over the grave where the old man's lain
Green grapes shall wave, and the daisies grow.

PART XL.—CHAPTER XXXVIII.

It would be vain to follow Lucilla in detail through her consistent and admirable career; nor is it necessary to say that she went on steadily in face of all her discouragements, with that mixture of success and failure which comes natural to all human affairs. The singular thing about it was, that the years passed on, and that she was permitted by the world in general to fulfil her own promise and prophecy about remaining ten years at home to be a comfort to her dear papa. She had been nineteen when she began her career, and she was nine-and-twenty when that little episode occurred with young Dr Rider, before he was married to his present wife. There would have been nothing in the least unsuitable in a marriage between Dr Rider and Miss Marjoribanks, though people who were the best informed never thought either of them had any serious meaning; but, of course, the general public, having had Lucilla for a long time before their eyes, naturally added on seven or eight years to her age, and concluded her to be a great deal older than the young doctor, though everybody allowed that it would have been a most advantageous match for him in every possible point of view. But, however, it did not come to anything, no more than a great many other nibbles of the same kind did. The period arrived at which Lucilla had thought she might perhaps have begun to go off in her looks, but still there was no immediate appearance of any change of name or condition on her part. Many people quite congratulated themselves on the fact, as it was impossible to imagine what might be the social condition of Grange Lane without Miss Marjoribanks; but it is doubtful whether Lucilla congratulated herself. She was very comfortable, no doubt, in every way, and met with little opposition to speak of, and had things a great deal more in her own hands than she might have had, had there been a husband in the case to satisfy; but notwithstanding, she had come to an age when most people have husbands, and when an independent position in the world becomes necessary to self-respect. To be sure, Lucilla *was* independent; but then—there is a difference, as everybody knows. And Miss Marjoribanks could not but feel that the world had not shown that appreciation of her, to which, in her earlier days, she looked forward with so little fear. The ten years, as they had really gone by, were very different from the ten years she had looked forward to, when, in the triumph of

her youth, she named that period as the time when she might probably begin to go off, and would be disposed to marry. By this time the drawing-room carpets and curtains had faded a little, and Lucilla had found out that the delicate pale green which suited her complexion was not to call a profitable colour; and nobody could have thought or said that to marry at this period would be in the least degree to swindle the Doctor. Thus the moment had arrived to which she looked forward, but the man had not arrived with it. Ten years had passed, during which she had been at the head of society in Grange Lane, and a great comfort to her dear papa; and now, if there remained another development for Lucilla's character, it was about time that it should begin to show itself. But at the same time, the main element necessary for that new development did not seem at present likely to be found in Grange Lane.

Unless, indeed, it might happen to be found in the person of Mr. Ashburton, who was so often in Carlingford that he might be said to form a part of society there. It was he who was related to the Richmonds, who, as everybody knows, were a family much respected in the county. He had been at the bar, and even begun to distinguish himself, before old Miss Penrhyn died and left him the Firs. He had begun to distinguish himself, but he had not, it appeared, gone so far as to prevent him from coming down to his new property and settling upon it, and taking his place as a local notability. He was not a man who could be expected to care for evening parties in a provincial town; but he never refused to dine with Dr. Marjoribanks, and was generally popular up-stairs, where he always paid a little attention to Lucilla, though nothing very marked and noticeable. Mr. Ashburton was not like Mr. Cavendish, for instance (if anybody remembered Mr. Cavendish), a man whose money might be in the Funds, but who more probably speculated. Everybody knew everything about him, which was an ease to the public mind. The Firs was as well known as Carlingford steeple, and how much it was worth a-year, and everything about it; and so was the proprietor's pedigree, which could be traced to a semi-mythical personage known as old Penrhyn, whose daughter was Sir John Richmond's grandmother. The Firs, it is true, had descended in the female line, but still it is something to know where a man comes from, even on one side. Mr. Ashburton made himself very agreeable in the neighbourhood, and was never above en-

lightening anybody on a point of law. He used to say that it was kind to give him something to do, which was an opinion endorsed practically by a great many people. It is true that some of his neighbours wondered much to see his patience, and could not make out why he chose to rusticate at the Firs at his age, and with his abilities. But either he never heard these wonderings, or at least he never took any notice of them. He lived as if he liked it, and settled down, and presented to all men an aspect of serene contentment with his sphere. And it would be difficult to say what suggestion or association it was which brought him all of a sudden into Miss Marjoribanks's head, one day, when, seeing a little commotion in Masters's shop, she went in to hear what it was about. The cause of the commotion was an event which had been long expected, and which, indeed, ten years before, had been looked on as a possible thing to happen any day. The wonder was, not that old Mr. Chiltern should die, but that he should have lived so long. The ladies in Masters's cried, "Poor dear old man!" and said to each other, that however long it might have been expected, a death always seemed sudden at the last. But, to tell the truth, the stir made by this death was rather pleasant than sad. People thought not of the career which was ended, but of the one which must now begin, and of the excitement of an election, which was agreeable to look forward to. As for Lucilla, when she too had heard the news, and had gone on upon her way, it would be vain to assert that a regretful recollection of the time when Mr. Cavendish was thought a likely man to succeed Mr. Chiltern did not occur to her. But when Miss Marjoribanks had dismissed that transitory thought, Mr. Ashburton suddenly came into her head by one of those intuitions which have such an effect upon the mind that receives them. Lucilla was not of very marked political opinions, and perhaps was not quite aware what Mr. Ashburton's views were on the Irish Church question, or upon parliamentary reform; but she said after, that it came into her mind in a moment, like a flash of lightning, that he was the man. The idea was so new and so striking, that she turned back and went, in the excitement of the moment, to suggest it to Mrs. Chiley, and see what her old friend and the Colonel would say. Of course, if such a thing was practicable, there was no time to lose. She turned round quickly, according to her prompt nature; and such was her absorbed interest

in the idea of Mr. Ashburton, that she did not know until she had almost done it, that she was walking straight into her hero's arms.

"Oh, Mr. Ashburton!" said Lucilla, with a little scream. "is it you? My mind was quite full of you. I could not see you for thinking. Do come back with me, for I have something very particular to say"—

"To me?" said Mr. Ashburton, looking at her with a smile and a sudden look of interest; for it is always slightly exciting to the most philosophical mortal to know that somebody else's mind is full of him. "What you have said already is so flattering"—

"I did not mean anything absurd," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Don't talk any nonsense, please. Mr. Ashburton, do you know that old Mr. Chiltern is dead?"

Lucilla put the question solemnly, and her companion grew a little red as he looked at her. "It is not my fault," he said, though he still smiled; and then he grew redder and redder, though he ought to have been above showing these signs of emotion; and looked at her curiously, as if he would seize what she was going to say out of her eyes or her lips before it was said.

"It is not anything to laugh about," said Lucilla. "He was a very nice old man; but he is dead, and somebody else must be Member for Carlingford: that was why I told you that my mind was full of you. I am not in the least superstitious," said Miss Marjoribanks, solemnly; "but when I stood there—there, just in front of Mr. Holden's—you came into my mind like a flash of lightning. I was not thinking of you in the least, and you came into my mind like—like Minerva, you know. If it was not an intimation, I don't know what it was. And that was why I ran against you, and did not see you were there. Mr. Ashburton, it is you who must be the man," said Lucilla. It was not a thing to speak lightly about, and for her part she spoke very solemnly; and as for Mr. Ashburton, his face flushed deeper and deeper. He stood quite still in the excitement of the moment, as if she had given him a blow.

"Miss Marjoribanks, I don't know how to answer you," he cried; and then he put out his hand in an agitated way and grasped her hand. "You are the only creature in Carlingford, man or woman, that has divined me," he said, in a trembling voice. It was a little public at the top of Grange Lane, where people were liable to pass at every moment; but still Miss Marjoribanks accepted the pressure of the hand, which,

to be sure, had nothing whatever to do with love-making. She was more shy of such demonstrations than she had been in her confident youth, knowing that in most cases they never came to anything, and at the same time that the spectators kept a vivid recollection of them; but still, in the excitement of the moment, Miss Marjoribanks accepted and returned in a womanly way the pressure of Mr. Ashburton's hand.

"Come in and let us talk it over," Lucilla said, feeling that no time was to be lost. It was a conference very different from that which, had Mr. Chiltern been so well advised as to die ten years before, might have been held in Dr. Marjoribanks's drawing-room over his successor's prospects; but at the same time there was something satisfactory to the personal sentiments of both in the way in which this conversation had come about. When Lucilla took off her hat and sat down to give him all her attention, Mr. Ashburton could not but feel the flattering character of the interest she was taking in him. She was a woman, and young (comparatively speaking), and was by no means without admirers, and unquestionably took the lead in society; and to be divined by such a person was perhaps, on the whole, sweeter to the heart of the aspirant than if Colonel Chiley had found out his secret, or Dr. Marjoribanks, or even the Rector: and Lucilla for her part had all that natural pleasure in being the first to embrace a new interest (which might or might not have very important results), which was natural under the circumstances. "Let us talk it all over," she said, giving Mr. Ashburton a chair near her own. "If I believed in spirit-rapping, you know, I should be sure that was what it meant. I was not thinking of you in the least and all at once, like a flash of lightning—Mr. Ashburton, sit down and tell me—what is the first thing that must be done?"

"If I could ask you to be on my committee, that would be the first thing to be done," said Mr. Ashburton, "but unfortunately I can't do that. Let me tell you in the first place how very much I am obliged"—

"Don't say that, please," said Miss Marjoribanks, with her usual good sense, "for I have done nothing. But papa can be on the committee, Mr. Ashburton, and old Colonel Chiley, who is such a one for politics; and of course Sir John—that will be a very good beginning; and after that"—

"My dear Miss Marjoribanks," Mr. Ashburton said, with a smile, and a little hesitation. "Sir John takes exactly the other side in politics; and I am afraid the Doctor and

the Colonel are not of the same way of thinking; and then my opinions"—

"If they are not of the same way of thinking, we must make them," said Lucilla: "after having such an intimation, I am not going to be put off for a trifle; and besides, what does it matter about opinions? I am sure I have heard you all saying over and over that the thing was to have a good man. Don't go and make speeches about opinions. If you begin with that, there is no end to it," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I know what you gentlemen are. But if you just say distinctly that you are the best man"—

"It would be an odd thing to say for one's self," said Mr. Ashburton, and he laughed; but, to tell the truth, he was not a man of very quick understanding, and at the first outset of the thing he did not understand Lucilla; and he was a little—just a very little—disappointed. She had divined him, which was a wonderful proof of her genius; but yet at the bottom she was only an ignorant woman after all.

"I see it all quite clear what to do," said Miss Marjoribanks. "You must have the Colonel and Sir John, and everybody. I would not pay the least attention to Tories or Whigs, or anything of that sort. For my part I don't see any difference. All that has to be said about it is simply that you are the right man. Papa might object to one thing and the Colonel might object to another, and then if Sir John, as you say, is of quite another way of thinking—But you are the man for Carlingford all the same; and none of them can say a word against that," said Lucilla, with energy. She stopped short, with her colour rising and her eyes brightening. She felt herself inspired, which was a new sensation, and very pleasant; and then the idea of such a coming struggle was sweet to Miss Marjoribanks, and the conviction burst upon her that she was striking out a perfectly new and original line.

As for her candidate, he smiled, and hesitated, and paid her pretty little compliments for a few minutes longer, and said it was very good of her to interest herself in his fortunes. All which Lucilla listened to with great impatience, feeling that it had nothing to do with the matter in hand. But then after these few minutes had elapsed the meaning of his fair advisor, as he called her, began to dawn on Mr. Ashburton's mind. He began to prick up his mental ears, so to speak, and see that it was not womanish ignorance, but an actual suggestion. For, after all, so long as he was the man for Carlingford, all the rest was of little importance. He took something out of his pocket, which was his

address to the constituency of Carlingford (for being anxious on the subject, he had heard of Mr. Chiltern's death an hour or two before anybody else), and chokeful of political sentiments. In it he described to the electors what he would do if they sent him to Parliament, as carefully as if their election could make him Prime Minister at least; and naturally a man does not like to sacrifice such a confession of faith. "I should like to read it to you," he said, spreading it out with affectionate care; but Lucilla had already arranged her plans, and knew better than that.

"If you were to read it to me," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I should be sure to be convinced that you were quite right, and to go in with you for everything, and then I should be no good, you know. If it were to drive papa and Sir John and the Colonel all to their own ways of thinking, we never should make any progress. I would never mind about anybody's ways of thinking, if I were you. After all," said Lucilla, with a fine satire, of which she was unconscious, "what does it matter what people think? I suppose when it comes to doing anything, the Whigs and the Tories are just the same. Mr. Ashburton, it is a man that is wanted," said Miss Marjoribanks, with all the warmth of sudden conviction. She felt a little like Joan of Arc as she spoke. When an army has the aid of a sacred maiden to bring inspiration to its counsels, the idea of going on in the old formal way is no longer to be tolerated. And such was the force of Lucilla's conviction, that Mr. Ashburton, though he felt a little affronted, and could not but look with fond and compunctious regret upon his address, yet began more and more to feel that there was justice in what she said.

"I will think over what you say," he said, rather stiffly, and put up his address — for it was natural, when he had done her such an honour as to offer to read it to her, that he should be affronted by her refusal. It was a bold experiment on Lucilla's part, but then she was carried out of herself at the moment by this singular flash of inspiration. "I will think over what you say," Mr. Ashburton continued; "and if my judgment approves — At all events I shall not issue *this* till I have thought it all over. I am sure I am extremely obliged to you for your interest." And here he stopped short, and looked as if he were going to get up and go away, which would have spoiled all.

"You are going to stop to lunch," said Lucilla; "somebody is sure to come in.

And you know you must not lose any opportunity of seeing people. I am so glad to-night is Thursday. Tell me just one thing, Mr. Ashburton, before any one comes. There is one thing that is really important, and must be fixed upon. If we were to make any mistake, you know" —

"What?" said the candidate, eagerly — "about the Income-tax? I have expressed myself very clearly" —

Lucilla smiled compassionately, and with the gentlest tolerance, at this wild suggestion. "I was not thinking of the Income-tax," she said, with that meekness which people assume when it is of no use being impatient. "I was thinking what your colours were to be. I would not have anything to do with the old colours, for my part — they would be as bad as opinions, you know. You may laugh, but I am quite in earnest," said Miss Marjoribanks. As for Mr. Ashburton, he did not begin to laugh until he had fixed upon her that gaze of utter amazement and doubt with which on many similar occasions ordinary people had regarded Lucilla — thinking she was joking, or acting, or doing something quite different from the severe sincerity which was her leading principle. She was so used to it, that she waited with perfect patience till her companion's explosion of amusement was over. He was thinking to himself what a fool she was, or what a fool he was to think of taking a woman into his counsels, or what curious unintelligible creatures women were, made up of sense and folly; and all the time he laughed, which was a relief to his feelings. Miss Marjoribanks laughed a little too, to keep him in countenance, for she was always the soul of good-nature; and then she repeated, "Be sure you tell me what our colours are to be" —

"I am sure I don't know anything about colours," said the candidate, "any more than you do about opinions. I think they are equally unimportant, to say the least. I shall adopt the colours of my fair counsellor," Mr. Ashburton added, laughing, and making a mock bow to her, and getting his hat as he did so — for he had naturally calmed down a little from the first enthusiasm with which he had hailed the woman who divined him, and he did not mean to stay.

"The blue and the yellow are the old colours," said Lucilla, thoughtfully, "and you are the new man, you know, and we must not meddle with these antiquated things. Do you think this would do?" As she spoke she took up a handful of ribbons which were lying by, and put them

up to her face with an air of serious deliberation which once more disturbed Mr. Ashburton's gravity. And yet, when a young woman who is not at all bad-looking puts up a rustling, gleaming knot of ribbons to her hair and asks a man's opinion of the same, the man must be a philosopher or a wretch indeed who does not give a glance to see the effect. The candidate for Carlingford looked and approached, and even, in the temptation of the moment, took some of the long streamers in his hand. And he began to think Miss Marjoribanks was very clever, and the most amusing companion he had met with for a long time. And her interest in him touched his heart; and, after all, it is no drawback to a woman to be absurd by moments. His voice grew quite soft and caressing as he took the end of ribbon into his hand.

"If they are your colours they shall be mine," he said, with a sense of patronage and protection which was very delightful; and the two were still talking and laughing over the silken link thus formed between them, when the people came in whom Lucilla was expecting to lunch, and who were naturally full of Mr. Chiltern's death, which, poor old man! was so sudden at the last. Mr. Ashburton stayed, though he had not intended it, and made himself very pleasant. And Lucilla took no pains to conceal her opinion that the thing was neither to consider Whigs nor Tories, but a good *man*. And Major Brown, who had come with his daughters, echoed this sentiment so warmly that Mr. Ashburton was entirely convinced of the justice of Miss Marjoribanks's ideas. "We can't have a tip-topper, you know," Major Brown said, who was not very refined in his expressions; "and what I should like to see is a man that knows the place and would look after Carlingford. That's what we're all looking for." Mr. Ashburton did not declare himself to Major Brown, but he dashed off his new address ten minutes after he had taken leave of Miss Marjoribanks, and put the other one in the fire like a Christian, and telegraphed for his agent to town. Lucilla, for her part, made an effort equally great and uncompromising. She took the ribbon Mr. Ashburton had played with, and cut it up into cockades of all descriptions. It was an early moment, but still there was no time to be lost with a matter of such importance. And she wore one on her breast and one in her hair when Mr. Ashburton's address was published, and all the world was discussing it. "Of course they are his colours — that is why I wear them," said Lucilla.

"I shall always think there was something very strange in it. Just after I had heard of poor old Mr. Chiltern's death, as I was passing Holden's — when I was not in the least thinking of him — he came into my mind like a flash of lightning, you know. If I had been very intimate with poor old Mr. Chiltern, or if I believed in spirit-rapping, I should think *that* was it. He came into my head without my even thinking of him, all in a moment, with his very hat on and his umbrella, like Minerva — wasn't it Minerva?" said Miss Marjoribanks. And she took up Mr. Ashburton's cause openly, and unfurled his standard, and did not even ask her father's opinion. "Papa knows about politics, but he has not had an intimation, as I have," said Lucilla. And, naturally, she threw all the younger portion of Grange Lane, which was acquainted with Mr. Ashburton, and looked forward eagerly to a little excitement, and liked the idea of wearing a violet and green cockade, into a flutter of excitement. Among these rash young people there were even various individuals who took Lucilla's word for it, and knew that Mr. Ashburton was very *nice*, and did not see that anything more was necessary. To be sure, these enthusiasts were chiefly women, and in no cases had votes; but Miss Marjoribanks, with instinctive correctness of judgment, decided that there were more things to be thought of than the electors. And she had the satisfaction of seeing with her own eyes and hearing with her own ears the success of that suggestion of her genius. Carlingford had rarely been more excited by any public event than it was by the address of the new candidate, who was in the field before anybody else, and who had the boldness to come before them without uttering any political creed. "The enlightened electors of Carlingford do not demand, like other less educated constituencies, a system of political doctrines cut and dry, or a representative bound to give up his own judgment, and act according to arbitrary promises," said the daring candidate: "what they want is an honest man, resolved to do his duty by his country, his borough, and his constituency; and it is this idea alone which has induced me to solicit your suffrages." This was what Mr. Ashburton said in his address, though at that moment he had still his other address in his pocket, in which he had entered at some length into his distinctive personal views. It was thus that an independent candidate, unconnected with party, took the field in Carlingford, with Miss Marjoribanks, like another

er Joan of Arc, with a knot of ribbons, violet and green, in her hair, to inspire and lead him on.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LIFE with most people is little more than a succession of high and low tides. There are times when the stream runs low, and when there is nothing to be seen but the dull sandbanks, or even mudbanks, for months, or even years together; and then all at once the waters swell, and come rushing twice a-day like the sea, carrying life and movement with them. Miss Marjoribanks had been subject to the *eaux mortes* for a long time; but now the spring-tides had rushed back. A day or two after Mr. Ashburton had been revealed to her as the predestined member, something occurred, not in itself exciting, but which was not without its ultimate weight upon the course of affairs. It was the day when aunt Jemima was expected in Grange Lane. She was aunt Jemima to Lucilla; but the Doctor called her Mrs. John, and was never known to address her by any more familiar title. She was, as she herself described it, a widow lady, and wore the dress of her order, and was the mother of Tom Marjoribanks. She was not a frequent visitor at Carlingford, for she and her brother-in-law had various points on which they were not of accord. The Doctor, for his part, could not but feel perennially injured that the boy had fallen to the lot of Mrs. John, while he had only a girl—even though that girl was Lucilla; and aunt Jemima could not forgive him for the rude way in which he treated her health, which was so delicate, and his want of sympathy for many other people who were delicate too. Even when she arrived, and was being entertained with the usual cup of tea, fears of her brother-in-law's robustness and unsympathetic ways had begun to overpower her. "I hope your papa does not ask too much from you, Lucilla," she said, as she sat in her easy-chair, and took her tea by the fire in the cozy room which had been prepared for her. "I hope he does not make you do too much, for I am sure you are not strong, my dear. Your poor mamma, you know"—and Mrs. John looked with a certain pathos at her niece, as though she saw signs of evil in Lucilla's fresh complexion and substantial frame.

"I am pretty well, thank you, aunt Jemima," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and papa lets me do pretty much what I like: I am

too old now, you know, to be told what to do."

"Don't call yourself old, my dear," said aunt Jemima, with a passing gleam of worldly wisdom—"one gets old quite soon enough. Are you subject to headaches, Lucilla, or pains in the limbs? Your poor mamma"—

"Dear aunt Jemima, I am as well as ever I can be," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Tell me when you heard from Tom, and what he is doing. Let me see, it is ten years since he went away. I used to write to him, but he did not answer my letters—not as he ought, you know. I suppose he has found friends among the Calcutta ladies," said Lucilla, with a slight but not unapparent sigh.

"He never says anything to me about Calcutta ladies," said Tom's mother; "to tell the truth, I always thought before he went away that he was fond of you—I must have been mistaken, as he never said anything; and *that* was very fortunate at all events."

"I am sure I am very thankful he was not fond of me," said Lucilla, with a little natural irritation, "for I never could have returned it. But I should like to know why that was so fortunate. I can't see that it would have been such a very bad thing for him, for my part."

"Yes, my dear," said aunt Jemima, placidly, "it would have been a very bad thing; for you know, Lucilla, though you get on very nicely here, you never could have done for a poor man's wife."

Miss Marjoribanks's bosom swelled when she heard these words—it swelled with that profound sense of being unappreciated and misunderstood, which is one of the hardest trials in the way of genius; but naturally she was not going to let her aunt see her mortification. "I don't mean to be any man's wife just now," she said, making a gulp of it—"I am too busy electioneering; we are going to have a new member in dear old Mr. Chiltern's place. Perhaps he will come in this evening to talk things over, and you shall see him," Lucilla added, graciously. She was a little excited about the candidate, as was not unnatural—more excited, perhaps, than she would have been ten years ago, when life was young; and then it was not to be expected that she could be pleased with aunt Jemima for thinking it was so fortunate; though even that touch of wounded pride did not lead Miss Marjoribanks to glorify herself by betraying Tom.

"My brother-in-law used to be a dreadful

Radical," said aunt Jemima; "I hope it is not one of those revolutionary men; I have seen your poor uncle sit up arguing with him till I thought they never would be done. If that is the kind of thing, I hope you will not associate yourself with it, Lucilla. Your papa should have more sense than to let you. It does not do a young woman any good. I should never have permitted it if you had been *my* daughter," added Mrs. John, with a little heat — for, to tell the truth, she too felt a slight vexation on her part that the Doctor had a girl when she had none, even though not for twenty girls would she have given up Tom.

Miss Marjoribanks looked upon the weak woman who thus ventured to address her with indescribable feelings; but after all she was not so much angry as amused and compassionate. She could not help thinking to her-elf, if she had been Mrs. John's daughter, how perfectly docile aunt Jemima would have been by this time, and how little she would have really ventured to interfere. "It would have been very nice," she said, with a meditative realization of the possibility — "though it is very odd to think how one could have been one's own cousin — I should have taken very good care of you, I am sure."

"You would have done no such thing," said Mrs. John; "you would have gone off and married; I know how girls do. You have not married here, because you have been too comfortable, Lucilla. You have had everything your own way, and all that you wanted, without any of the bother. It is very strange how differently people's lots are ordered. I was married at seventeen, and I am sure I have not known what it was to have a day's health" —

"Dear aunt Jemima!" said her affectionate niece, kissing her, "but papa shall see if he cannot give you something, and we will take such care of you while you are here."

Mrs. John was softened in spite of herself; but still she shook her head. "It is very nice of you to say so, my dear," she said, "and it's pleasant to feel that one has somebody belonging to one; but I have not much confidence in your papa. He never understood my complaints. I used to be very sorry for your poor mamma. He never showed that sympathy — but I did not mean to blame him to you, Lucilla. I am sure he is a very good father to you."

"He has been a perfect old angel," said Miss Marjoribanks; and then the conversation came to a pause, as it was time to dress for dinner. Mrs. John Marjoribanks

had a very nice room and everything that was adapted to make her comfortable; but she too had something to think of when the door closed upon Lucilla, and she was left with her maid and her hot water and her black velvet gown. Perhaps it was a little inconsistent to wear a black velvet gown with her widow's cap — it was a question which she had long debated in her mind before she resigned herself to the temptation — but then it always looked so well, and was so very profitable! and Mrs. John felt that it was incumbent upon her to keep up a respectable appearance for Tom's sake. Tom was very much in her mind at that moment, as indeed he always was; for though it was a long time ago, she could not get the idea out of her head that he must have said something to Lucilla before he went off to India, and he had a way of asking about his cousin in his letters; and though she would have done anything to secure her boy's happiness, and was on the whole rather fond of her niece, yet the idea of the objections her brother-in-law would have to such a match excited to the uttermost the smouldering pride which existed in aunt Jemima's heart. He was better off, and had always been better off, than her poor John — and he had robust health and an awful scorn of the coddling, to which, as he said, she had subjected his brother, and he had money enough to keep *his* child luxuriously and make her the leader of Carlingford society, while *her* poor boy had to go to India and put himself in the way of all kinds of unknown diseases and troubles. Mrs. John was profoundly anxious to promote her son's happiness, and would gladly have given every penny she had to get him married to Lucilla, "if that was what he wanted," as she justly said; but to have the brother-in-law object to him, and suggest that he was not good enough, was the one thing she could not bear. She was thinking about this, and whether Tom really had not said anything, and whether Lucilla cared for him, and what amid all these perplexities she should do, while she dressed for dinner; and, at the same time, she felt her palpitation worse than usual, and knew Dr. Marjoribanks would smile his grim smile if she complained, so that her visit to Grange Lane, though Lucilla meant to take such care of her, was not altogether unmingled delight to Mrs. John.

But, nevertheless, Dr. Marjoribanks's dinner-table was always a cheerful sight, even when it was only a dinner-party of three; for then naturally they used the round table, and were as snug as possible. Lucilla

wore her knot of green and violet ribbons on her white dress, to her aunt's great amazement, and the Doctor had all the air of a man who had been out in the world all day and returned in the evening with something to tell — which is a thing which gives great animation to a family party. Mrs. John Marjoribanks had been out of all that sort of thing for a long time. She had been living quite alone in a widowed forlorn way, and had half forgotten how pleasant it was to have somebody coming in with a breath of fresh air about him and the day's budget of news — and it had an animating effect upon her, even though she was not fond of her brother-in-law. Dr. Marjoribanks inquired about Tom in the most fatherly way, and what he was about, and how things were looking for him, and whether he intended to come home. "Much better not," the Doctor said, — "I should certainly advise him not, if he asked me. He has got over all the worst of it, and now is his time to do something worth while."

"Tom is not one to think merely of worldly advantages," said his mother, with a fine instinct of opposition which she could not restrain. "I don't think he would care to waste all the best part of his life making money. I'd rather see him come home and be happy, for my part, even if he were not so rich."

"If all men were happy that came home," said the Doctor, and then he gave a rather grim chuckle. "Somebody has come home that you did not reckon on, Lucilla. I am sorry to spoil sport; but I don't see how you are to get out of it. There is another address on the walls to-day besides that one of yours."

"Oh, I hope there will be six addresses!" cried Mrs. Marjoribanks; "if we had it all our own way it would be no fun; — a Tory, and a Whig, and a — did you say Radical, aunt Jemima? And then, what is a Conservative?" asked Lucilla, though certainly she had a very much better notion of political matters than aunt Jemima had, to say the least.

I wonder how you can encourage any poor man to go into Parliament," said Mrs. John; "so trying for the health as it must be, and an end to everything like domestic life. If it was my Tom I would almost rather he stayed in India. He looks strong, but there is never any confidence to be put in young men looking strong. Oh, I know you do not agree with me, Doctor; but I have had sad reason for my way of thinking," said the poor lady. As for the Doctor,

he did not accept the challenge thus thrown to him. Tom Marjoribanks was not the foremost figure in the world in his eyes, as the absent wanderer was in that of his mother; and he had not yet unburdened himself of what he had to say.

"I am not saying anything in favour of going into Parliament," said the Doctor. "I'd sooner be a bargeman on the canal if it was me. I am only telling Lucilla what she has before her. I don't know when I have been more surprised. Of course you were not looking for *that*," said Dr. Marjoribanks. He had kept back until the things were taken off the table, for he had a benevolent disinclination to spoil anybody's dinner. Now, when all the serious part of the meal was over, he tossed the "Carlingford Gazette" across the table, folded so as she could not miss what he wanted her to see. Lucilla took it up lightly between her finger and thumb; for the Carlingford papers were inky and badly printed, and soiled a lady's hand. She took it up delicately without either alarm or surprise, knowing very well that the Blues and the Yellows were not likely without a struggle to give up to the new standard, which was violet and green. But what she saw on that inky broadsheet overwhelmed in an instant Miss Marjoribanks's self-possession. She turned pale, though her complexion was, if possible, fresher than ever, and even shivered in her chair, though her nerves were so steady. Could it be a trick to thwart and startle her? or could it be true? She lifted her eyes to her father with a look of horror-stricken inquiry, but all that she met in return was a certain air of amusement and triumph, which struck her at the tenderest point. He was not sorry nor sympathetic, nor did he care at all for the sudden shock she had sustained. On the contrary, he was laughing within himself at the utterly unexpected complication. It was cruel, but it was salutary, and restored her self-command in a moment. She might have given way under kindness, but this look of satisfaction over her discomfiture brought Lucilla to herself.

"Yes, I thought you would be surprised," said Dr. Marjoribanks, dryly; and he took his first glass of claret with a slow relish and enjoyment, which roused every sentiment of self-respect and spark of temper existing in his daughter's mind. "If you had kept your own place it would not have mattered; but I don't see how you are to get out of it. You see young ladies should let these sort of things alone, Lucilla." This was all the

feeling he showed for her in her unexpected dilemma. Miss Marjoribanks's heart gave one throb, which made the green and violet ribbons jump and thrill; and then she came to herself, and recognized, as she had so often done before, that she had to fight her way by herself, and had nobody to look to. Such a thought is dreary enough sometimes, and there are minds that sink under it; but at other times it is like the touch of the mother earth which gave the giant back his strength, and Lucilla was of the latter class of intelligence. When she saw the triumph with which her embarrassment was received, and that she had no sympathy nor aid to look for, she recovered herself as if by magic. Let what would come in the way, nothing could alter her certainty that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford; and that determination not to be beaten, which is the soul of British valour, sprang up in an instant in Miss Marjoribanks's mind. There was not even the alternative of victory or Westminster Abbey for Lucilla. If she was ever to hold up her head again, or have any real respect for herself, she must win. All this passed through her head in the one bewildering moment, while her father's words were still making her ears tingle, and *that name*, printed in big inky letters, seemed to flutter in all the air round her. It was hard to believe the intelligence thus conveyed, and harder still to go on in the face of old friendships, and the traditions of her youth; but still duty was dearer than tradition, and it was now a necessity to fight the battle to the last, and at all risks to win.

"Thank you all the same, papa, for bringing me the paper," said Lucilla. "It would have been a great deal worse if I had not known of it before I saw him. I am sure I am very glad for one thing. He can't be married or dead, as people used to say. I am quite ashamed to keep you so long down-stairs, aunt Jemima, when I know you must be longing for a cup of tea—but it is somebody come back whom nobody expected. Tell him I shall be so glad to see him, papa—though I have no reason to be glad, for he was one of my *young* friends you know, and he is sure to think I have gone off." As she spoke, Lucilla turned aunt Jemima, to whom she had given her arm, quite round, that she might look into the great glass over the mantelpiece: "I don't think I *am* quite so much gone off as I expected to be," said Miss Marjoribanks, with candid impartiality; "though of course he will think me stouter—but it does not make any difference

about Mr. Ashburton being the right man for Carlingford." She said the words with a certain solemnity, and turned Mrs. John, who was so much surprised as to be speechless, round again, and led her up-stairs. It was as if they were walking in a procession of those martyrs and renouncers of self, who build up the foundations of society; and it would not be too much to say that under her present circumstances, and in the excitement of this singular and unexpected event, such was the painful but sublime consciousness which animated Lucilla's breast.

As for Dr. Marjoribanks, his triumph was taken out of him by that spectacle. He closed the door after the ladies had gone, and came back to his easy-chair by the side of the fire, and could not but feel that he had had the worst of it. It was actually Mr. Cavendish who had come home, and whose address to the electors of Carlingford, dated from Dover on his return to England, the Doctor had just put into his daughter's hand. But, wonderful and unlooked-for as was the event, Lucilla, though taken unawares, had not given in, nor shown any signs of weakness. And the effect upon her father of her last utterance and confession was such that he took up the paper again and read both addresses, which were printed side by side. In other days Mr. Cavendish had been the chosen candidate of Grange Lane; and the views which he expressed (and he expressed his views very freely) were precisely those of Dr. Marjoribanks. Yet when the Doctor turned to Mr. Ashburton's expression of his conviction that he was the right man for Carlingford, it cannot be denied that the force of that simple statement had a wonderful effect upon his mind—an effect all the greater, perhaps, in comparison with the political exposition made by the other unexpected candidate. The Doctor's meditations possibly took a slumbrous tone from the place and the moment at which he pursued them; for the fact was that the words he had just been hearing ran in his head all through the reading of the two addresses. Mr. Cavendish would think Lucilla had gone off; but yet she had not gone off so much as might have been expected, and Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford. Dr. Marjoribanks laughed quietly by himself in his easy-chair, and then went back to Mr. Cavendish's opinions, and ended again, without knowing it, in a kind of odd incipient agreement with Lucilla. The new candidate was right in politics; but, after all, Mr. Ashburton was a more satis-

factory sort of person. He was a man whom people knew everything about, and a descendant of old Penrhyn, and had the Firs and lived in it, and spent about so much money every year honestly in the face of the world. When a man conducts himself in this way, his neighbours can afford to be less exacting as to his political opinions. This comparison went on in the Doctor's thoughts until the distinction between the two grew confused and faint in that ruddy and genial glow of firelight and lamplight and personal wellbeing which is apt to engross a man's mind after he has come in out of the air, as people say, and has eaten a good dinner, and feels himself comfortable; and at last all that remained in Dr. Marjoribanks's mind was that Mr. Cavendish would think Lucilla had gone off, though she had not gone off nearly so much as might have been expected; at which he laughed with an odd sound, which roused him, and might have induced some people to think he had been sleeping, if, indeed, anybody had been near to hear.

But this news was naturally much more serious to Miss Marjoribanks when she got up-stairs, and had time to think of it. She would not have been human if she had heard without emotion of the return of the man whom she had once dreamed of as member for Carlingford, with the addition of other dreams which had not been altogether without their sweetness. He had returned now and then for a few days, but Lucilla knew that he had never held up his head in Grange Lane since the day when she advised him to marry Barbara Lake. And now when he had bethought himself of his old ambition, had he possibly bethought himself of other hopes as well? And the horrible thing was, that she had pledged herself to another, and put her seal upon it that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford! It may be supposed that, with such a complication in her mind, Miss Marjoribanks was very little capable of supporting aunt Jemima's questions as to what it was about, and who was Mr. Cavendish, and why was his return of consequence to Lucilla? Mrs. John was considerably alarmed and startled, and began to think in earnest that Tom was fond of his cousin, and would never forgive his mother for letting Lucilla perhaps marry some one else, and settle down before her very eyes.

"If it is a very particular friend, I can understand it," Mrs. John said, with a little asperity; but that was after she had made a great many attempts, which were only partially successful, to find it all out.

"Dear aunt Jemima," said Lucilla, "we are all particular friends in Carlingford—society is so limited, you know;—and Mr. Cavendish has been a very long time away. He used to be of such use to me, and I am so fond of him," Miss Marjoribanks said, with a sigh; and it may be supposed that Mrs. John's curiosity was not lessened by such a response.

"If you are engaged to any one, Lucilla, I must say I think I ought to have been told," said Tom's mother, with natural indignation. "Though I ought not to blame you for it, perhaps. It is a sad thing when a girl is deprived of a mother's care; but still I am your nearest relation"—

"My dear aunt, it is something about the election," said Miss Marjoribanks. "How could I be engaged to a man who has been away ten years?"

"Tom has been away ten years," said Mrs. John, impetuously; and then she blushed, though she was past the age of blushing, and made haste to cover her impudence. "I don't see what you can have to do with the election," she said, with suspicion, but some justice; "and I don't feel, Lucilla, as if you were telling me all."

"I have the favours to make, aunt Jemima," said Lucilla—"green and violet. You used to be so clever at making bows, and I hope you will help me; papa, you know, will have to be on Mr. Ashburton's committee," Miss Marjoribanks added; and then, in spite of herself, a sigh of doubt and anxiety escaped her bosom. It was easy to say that "papa would be on Mr. Ashburton's committee, you know," but nobody had known that Mr. Cavendish was coming to drive everything topsy-turvy; and Lucilla, though she professed to know only who was the man for Carlingford, had at the same time sufficient political information to be aware that the sentiments propounded in Mr. Cavendish's address were also Dr. Marjoribanks's sentiments; and she did not know the tricks which some green and violet spirit in the dining-room was playing with the Doctor's fancy. Perhaps it might turn out to be Mr. Cavendish's committee which her father would be on; and after she had pledged herself that the other was the man for Carlingford! Lucilla felt that she could not be disloyal and go back from her word, neither could she forget the intimation which had so plainly indicated to her that Mr. Ashburton was the man; and yet, at the same time, she could not but sigh as she thought of Mr. Cavendish. Perhaps he had grown coarse, as men do at that age, just as Lucilla herself was conscious that he

would find her stouter. Perhaps he had ceased to flirt, or be of any particular use of an evening; possibly even he might have forgotten Miss Marjoribanks — but naturally that was a thing that seemed unlikely to Lucilla. If he had but come a little earlier, or for ever stayed away! But while all these thoughts were going through her mind her fingers were still busy with the violet and green cockades which aunt Jemima, after making sure that Mr. Ashburton was not a Radical, had begun to help her with. And they sat and talked about Mrs. John's breathing, which was so bad, and about her headaches, while Lucilla by snatches discussed the situation in her mind. Perhaps, on the whole, embarrassment and perplexity are a kind of natural accompaniment to life and movement; and it is better to be driven out of your senses with thinking which of two things you ought to do than to do nothing whatever, and be utterly uninteresting to all the world. This at least was how Lucilla reasoned to herself in her dilemma; and while she reasoned she used up yard upon yard of her green ribbon (for naturally the violet bore but a small proportion to the green). Whatever she might have to do or to suffer — however her thoughts might be disturbed or her heart distracted — it is unnecessary to add that it was impossible to Lucilla either to betray or to yield.

CHAPTER XL.

It was a very good thing for Lucilla that Mrs. John was so much of an invalid, notwithstanding that the Doctor made little of her complaints. All that Doctor Marjoribanks said was — with that remnant of Scotch which was often perceptible in his speech — that her illnesses were a fine thing to occupy her, and he did not know what she would do without them — a manner of speaking which naturally lessened his daughter's anxiety, though her sympathetic care and solicitude were undiminished. And no doubt, when she had been once assured that there was nothing dangerous in her aunt's case, it was a relief to Miss Marjoribanks at the present juncture that Mrs. John got up late and always breakfasted in her own room. Lucilla went into that sanctuary after she had given her father his breakfast, and heard all about the palpitation and the bad night aunt Jemima had passed; and then when she had consoled her suffering relative by the reflection that one never sleeps well the first night or two, Miss

Marjoribanks was at liberty to go forth and attend a little to her own affairs, which stood so much in need of being attended to. She had had no further talk with the Doctor on the subject, but she had read over Mr. Cavendish's address, and could not help seeing that it went dead against her candidate; neither could Lucilla remain altogether unaffected by the expression of feeling in respect to "a place in which I have spent so many pleasant years, and which has so many claims on my affections," and the touching haste with which the exile had rushed back as soon as he heard of the old member's death. If it touched Miss Marjoribanks, who was already pledged to support another interest, what might it not do to the gentlemen in Grange Lane who were not pledged, and who had a friendship for Mr. Cavendish? This was the alarming thought that had disturbed her sleep all night, and returned to her mind with her first awakening; and when she had really her time to herself, and the fresh morning hours before her, Lucilla began, as everybody ought to do, by going to the very root and foundation, and asking herself what, beyond all secondary considerations, it was *right* to do. To change from one side to the other and go back from her word was a thing abhorrent to her; but still Miss Marjoribanks was aware that there are certain circumstances in which honesty and truth themselves demand what in most cases is considered an untruthful and dishonest proceeding. In order to come to a right decision, and with a sense of the duty she owed to her country which would have shamed half the electors in England, not to say Carlingford, Lucilla, who naturally had no vote, read the two addresses of the two candidates, and addressed herself candidly and impartially to the rights of the subject. Mr. Cavendish was disposed, as we have said, to be pathetic and sentimental, and to speak of the claims the borough had upon his affections, and the eagerness with which he had rushed home at the earliest possible moment to present himself to them. If poor old Mr. Chiltern had been King Bomba, or a gloomy Oriental tyrant, keeping all possible reformers and successors banished from his dominions, the new candidate could not have spoken with more pathos. It was a sort of thing which tells among the imaginative part of the community, or so, at least, most people think; and Miss Marjoribanks was moved by it for the first moment; but then her enlightened mind asserted its rights. She said to herself that Mr. Cavendish might have come home at any hour, by

any steamboat; that Calais and Boulogne, and even Dieppe, were as open to him as if he had been an actual refugee, and that consequently there was nothing particular to be pathetic about. And then, if the town had such claims on his affections, why had he stayed so long away? These two rationalistic questions dispersed the first *tendressement* which had begun to steal over Lucilla's mind. When she came to this conclusion, her difficulties began to clear. She had no reason to go back from her engagements and reject that intimation which had so impressed it on her, that Mr. Ashburton was the man. It was a sacrifice which ancient truth and friendship did not demand, for verity was not in the document she had just been reading, and that appeal to sentiment was nothing more than what is generally called humbug. "He might have been living here all the time," Lucilla said to herself; "he might have had much stronger claims upon our affections; if he had wanted, he might have come back ages ago, and not let people struggle on alone." When this view of the subject occurred to her, Lucilla felt more indignation than sympathy. And then, as Doctor Marjoribanks had done, she turned to the calm utterance of her own candidate — the man who was the only man for Carlingford — and that sweet sense of having given sound counsel, and of having at last met with some one capable of carrying it out, which makes up for so many failures, came like balm to Lucilla's bosom. There was nothing more necessary; the commotion in her mind calmed down, and the tranquillity of undisturbed conviction came in its place. And it was with this sense of certainty that she put on her bonnet and issued forth, though it snowed a little, and was a very wintry day, on Mr. Ashburton's behalf, to try her fortune in Grange Lane.

She went to Mrs. Chiley's, who was now very old, poor old lady! and feeble, and did not like to leave her sofa. Not but what she could leave the sofa, she said to her friends, but at that time of the year, and at her time of life, it was comfortable. The sofa was wheeled to the side of the fire, and Mrs. Chiley reclined upon it, covered with knitted rugs of the brightest colours, which her young friends all worked for her. The last one arrived was what used to be called an Afghanistan blanket, done in stripes of all sorts of pretty tints, which was a present from Mrs. Beverley. "Her work, she says, Lucilla," said the old lady; "but we know what sort of soft dawdling woman she is, and it must have been the Archdeacon's

nieces, you know." But still it had the place of honour at present, covering Mrs. Chiley's feet, and affording something to talk about when any one came in. And by her side was a little table, upon which stood one China rose, in a glass of water — a pale rose, almost as pale as her soft old cheeks, and chilled like them by the approaching frost. And the fire burned with an officious cheerfulness at her elbow, as if it thought nothing of such accidental circumstances as winter and old age. To be sure this was a reflection which never came into Mrs. Chiley's head, who was, on the contrary, very thankful for the fire, and said it was like a companion. "And I often think, my dear, how do the poor people get on, especially if they are old and sick, that have no fires to keep them cheerful in this dreadful weather," the kind old lady would say. She did say so now when Lucilla came in, glowing with cold and her rapid walk, and with a flake or two of snow slowly melting on her sealskin cloak. Perhaps it was not a sentiment the Colonel agreed with, for he gave a hump and a little hoist of his shoulders, as if in protest, being himself a good deal limited in his movements, and not liking to own it, by the wintry torpor within his big old frame, and the wintry weather outside.

"Come and tell us all the news, Lucilla, my darling," Mrs. Chiley said, as she drew down her young friend's glowing face to her own, and gave her one of her lingering kisses; "I felt sure you would come and tell us everything. I said it would not be like Lucilla if she didn't. We know nothing but the fact, you know — not another word. Make haste and tell us everything, my dear."

"But I don't know anything," said Miss Marjoribanks. "Of course you mean about Mr. Cavendish. I saw it in the papers, like everybody else, but I don't know anything more."

And then Mrs. Chiley's countenance fell. She was not very strong, poor old lady, and she could have cried, as she said afterwards. "Ah, well, I suppose there is not time," she said after a little pause; "I suppose he has not got here from Dover yet — one always forgets the distance. I calculated it all over last night, and I thought that he would get home by the eleven train; but these trains are never to be calculated upon, you know, my dear. I am a little disappointed, Lucilla. Poor dear! to think how he must have rushed home the first moment — I could have cried when I read that address."

"I don't see why any one should cry," said Lucilla. "I think he makes a great deal too much of that; he might have come ever so many years ago if he had liked. Poor Mr. Chiltern did not banish him; poor old man!—he might have been here for years."

Upon which the Colonel himself drew a little nearer, and poked the fire. "I am glad to see you are so sensible, Lucilla," he said. "It's the first rational word I have heard on the subject. *She* thinks he's a kind of saint and martyr; a silly young fellow that runs off among a set of Frenchmen because he can't get everything his own way—and then he expects that we are all to go into transports of joy, and give him our votes," Colonel Chiley added, smashing a great piece of coal with the poker, with a blow full of energy, yet showing a slight unsteadiness in it, which sent a host of blazing splinters into the hearth. He was a man who wore very well, but he was not so steady as he once was, and nowadays was apt, by some tremulous movement, to neutralize the strength which he had left.

Mrs. Chiley, for her part, was apt to be made very nervous by her husband's proceedings. She was possessed by a terror that the splinters some day would jump out of the hearth on to the carpet, and fly into the corners, "and perhaps burn us all up in our beds," as she said. She gave a little start among her cushions, and stooped down to look over the floor. "He will never learn that he is old," she said in Lucilla's ear, who instantly came to her side to see what she wanted; and thus the two old people kept watch upon each other, and noted with a curious mixture of vexation and sympathy, each other's declining strength.

"For my part, I would give him all my votes, if I had a hundred," said Mrs. Chiley, "and so will you, too, when you hear the rights of it. Lucilla, my dear, tell him—I hope *you* are not going to forsake old friends."

"No," said Miss Marjoribanks—but she spoke with a gravity and hesitation which did not fail to reach Mrs. Chiley's ear—"I hope I shall never desert my old friends; but I think all the same that it is Mr. Ashburton who is the right man for Carlingford," she said, slowly. She said it with reluctance, for she knew it would shock her audience, but, at the same time, she did not shrink from her duty; and the moment had now arrived when Lucilla felt concealment was impossible, and that the truth must be said.

As for Mrs. Chiley, she was so distressed

that the tears came to her eyes; and even the Colonel laughed, and did not understand it. Colonel Chiley, though he was by no means as yet on Mr. Cavendish's side, was not any more capable than his neighbours of understanding Miss Marjoribanks's single-minded devotion to what was just and right; and why she should transfer her support to Ashburton, who was not a ladies' man, nor, in the Colonel's opinion, a marrying man, nor anything at all attractive, now that the other had come back romantic and repentant to throw his honours at her feet, was beyond his power of explanation. He contented himself with saying "humph;" but his wife was not so easily satisfied. She took Lucilla by the hand and poured forth a flood of remonstrances and prayers.

"I do not understand you, Lucilla," said Mrs. Chiley. "He whom we know so little about—whom, I am sure, you have no reason to care for. And where could you find anybody nicer than Mr. Cavendish?—and he to have such faith in us, and to come rushing back as soon as he was able. I am sure you have not taken everything into consideration, Lucilla. He might not perhaps do exactly as could have been wished before he went away; but he was young, and he was led astray; and I do think you were a little hard upon him, my dear; but I have always said I never knew anybody nicer than Mr. Cavendish. And what possible reason you can have to care about that other man?"

"It was like a special Intimation," said Lucilla, with solemnity. "I don't see how I could neglect it, for my part. The day the news came about poor old Mr. Chiltern's death I was out, you know, and heard it; and just at one spot upon the pavement, opposite Mr. Holden's, it came into my mind like a flash of lightning that Mr. Ashburton was the man. I don't care in the least for him, and I had not been thinking of him, or anything. It came into my head all in a moment. If I had been very intimate with poor dear old Mr. Chiltern, or if I believed in spirit-rapping, I should think it was a message from *him*."

Lucilla spoke with great gravity, but she did not impress her audience, who were people of sceptical minds. Mrs. Chiley, for her part, was almost angry, and could scarcely forgive Lucilla for having made her give grave attention to such a piece of nonsense. "If it *had* been him," she said, with some wrath, "I don't see how having been dead for a few hours would make his advice worth having. It never was good

for anything when he was alive. And you don't believe in spirit-rapping, I *hope*. I wonder how you can talk such nonsense," the old lady said severely. And Colonel Chiley, who had been a little curious too, laughed and coughed over the joke; for the two old people were of the old school, and of a very unbelieving frame of mind.

"I knew you would laugh," said Miss Marjoribanks, "but I cannot help it. If it had been impressed upon *your* mind like that, you would have been different. And, of course, I like Mr. Cavendish much the best. I am so glad I have no vote," said Lucilla; "it does not matter to anybody what I think; but if I had anything to do with it, you know I could not stand up for Mr. Cavendish, even though I am fond of him, when I felt sure that Mr. Ashburton is the man for Carlingford—nobody could ask me to do that."

There followed a pause upon this declaration; for Miss Marjoribanks, though she had no vote, was a person of undoubted influence, and such a conviction on her part was not to be laughed at. Even Colonel Chiley, who was undecided in his own mind, was moved by it a little. "What does the Doctor think?" he asked. "Ashburton doesn't say a word about his principles that I can see; and the other, you know—"

"Dear Colonel Chiley," cried Lucilla, "he is not going to be Prime Minister; and I have always heard you say, as long as I can remember, that it was not opinions, you know, but a good *man* that people wanted. I have heard people talking politics for hours, and I always remember you saying that, and thinking it was the only *sense*; but, of course, I don't understand politics," Lucilla added, with humility. As for the Colonel, he took up the poker, perhaps to hide a little pleasant confusion, and again drew near the fire.

"By George! I believe Lucilla is in the right," he said, with a certain agreeable consciousness. Perhaps he did not quite recollect at what moment of his life he had originated that sentiment, but he thought he could recollect having said it; and it was with the view of carrying off the bashfulness of genius, and not because the coals had any need of it, that he took up the poker—a proceeding which was always regarded with alarm and suspicion by his wife.

"The fire is very nice," said Mrs. Chiley. "I hate to have the fire poked when it does not want it. Lucilla, if you make him go over to that Mr. Ashburton's side, you will have a great deal to answer for, and I will

never forgive you. My dear, you must be dreaming—a man that is as dry as a stick, and not one-hundredth nor one-thousand part so nice!"

"I shan't say another word," said Lucilla; "I shan't stay any longer, for I can't help it, and you would be angry with me. People can't help what they believe, you know. There is poor little Oswald Brown, who has doubts, and can't go into the church, and will ruin all his prospects, and nobody can help it!"

"If I were his mother, I should help it," cried Mrs. Chiley. "I promise you he should not talk of his doubts to me. A bit of a lad; and what is good enough for all the bishops, and everybody in their senses, is not good enough for him! If that is the kind of example you are going to follow, Lucilla!"

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, "everybody knows what my church principles are; and perhaps you will come round to think with me; but I am not going to say any more about it now. I am so glad your rheumatism is better this morning; but you must wrap up well, for it is so cold, oh, so cold, out of doors!"

When Lucilla had thus dismissed the subject, she came to her old friend's side and bent over her in her sealskin cloak, to say good-bye. Mrs. Chiley took her by both hands as she thus stood with her back to the old Colonel, and drew her down close, and looked searchingly into her eyes. "If you have any *particular* reason, Lucilla, you ought to tell me—that would make such a difference," said the old lady. "I always tell you everything," said Miss Marjoribanks with evasive fondness, as she kissed the soft old withered cheek; and naturally, with the Colonel behind, who was standing up before the fire shadowing over them both, and quite unaware of this little whispered episode, it would have been impossible to say more had there been ever so much to say. But it had been a close encounter in its way, and Lucilla was rather glad to get off without any further damage. She did not feel quite successful as she went out; but still she had left a very wholesome commotion behind her; for Colonel Chiley could not but feel that the sentiment which she had quoted from himself was a very just sentiment. "By George! Lucilla was in the right of it," he said again, after she was gone; and in fact went through a process very similar to that which had modified the sentiments of Dr. Marjoribanks on the previous night.

Mr. Cavendish was a young fellow who

had rushed off among a set of Frenchmen, because Lucilla Marjoribanks would not have him, or because he could not marry Barbara Lake in addition, or at least somehow because he failed of having his own way. It was all very well for him to come back and make a commotion, and be sentimental about it. But what if, after all, Ashburton, who had the Firs, and lived there, and spent his money like a Christian, was the man for Carlingford? The Colonel's mind still wavered and veered about; yet it had received an impulse which was by no means unworthy of consideration. As for Mrs. Chiley, she laid back her head upon her pillows, and painfully questioned with herself whether Lucilla could have any *particular* reason for taking Mr. Ashburton's part so warmly. She thought with justice that Miss Marjoribanks was looking brighter and better, and had more of her old animation than she had shown for a long time — which arose from the simple fact that she had something in hand, though the old lady thought it might have a more touching and delicate motive. If *that* was the case, it would make a great difference. Mrs. Chiley was no longer able to go out in the evening, and had to be dependent on other people's observation for a knowledge of what happened — and she was wounded by a sense that her young friend had not been appreciated as her worth deserved. If Mr. Ashburton had the sense to see what was for his own advantage, it would be a frightful thing, as Mrs. Chiley said to herself, if Lucilla's friends should fly in his face. And though it was a hard trial to give up Mr. Cavendish, still if anything of the kind had happened — Thus it will be evident that Lucilla's visit, though it was not a long one, nor the least in the world an argumentative visit, was not without its fruit.

She went up Grange Lane again cheerful and warm in her sealskin coat. It was a thing that suited her remarkably well, and corresponded with her character, and everybody knows how comfortable they are. The snow-flakes fell softly, one at a time, and melted away to nothing upon her sleeves and her shoulders without leaving any trace, and Lucilla, with the chill air blowing in her face, and those feathery messengers in the air, could not but feel that her walk and the general readiness which she felt to face all kinds of objections and difficulties, and to make a sacrifice of her own feelings, had in them a certain magnanimous and heroic element. For after all she had no *particular* reason, as Mrs. Chiley said. Mr. Ashburton was a dry man, and of very little use in a

social point of view, and had never paid her any attention to speak of, nor at all put himself forth as a candidate for her favour. If he had done so, she would not have felt that thrill of utter disinterestedness which kept her as warm within as her sealskin did without. There was not a soul to be seen in Grange Lane at that moment in the snow, which came on faster and faster, but one of Mr. Wentworth's (who at that time was new in St. Roque's) grey sisters, and another lady who was coming down, as quickly as Lucilla was going up, by the long line of garden walls. The gentlemen were either at business or at their club, or keeping themselves snug indoors; and it was only those devoted women who braved the elements outside. The figure in the grey cloak was occupied simply with the poor people, and that is not our present business; but the other two were otherwise inspired. Mr. Cavendish, who had lately arrived, had not been able to make up his mind to face the weather; but his sister was of a different way of thinking. She was not of half the capacity of Lucilla, but still she felt that something ought to be done, and that there was not a moment to be lost. When she saw it was Miss Marjoribanks that was advancing to meet her, a momentary chill came over Mrs. Woodburn. She was thinking so much of her own errand that she could not but jump at the idea that nothing less important could have induced Lucilla to be out of doors on such a day; and her heart beat loud as the two drew near each other. Was it an unexpected and generous auxiliary, or was it a foe accomplished and formidable? For one thing, she was not coming out of Mr. Centam's, where Mrs. Woodburn herself was going, which at least was a relief. As they came nearer the two ladies instinctively looked to their weapons. They had met already in many a little passage of arms, but nothing like this had ever occurred to them before. If they were to work in union, Mrs. Woodburn felt that they would carry all before them; and if not, then it must be a struggle unto the death.

"Is it really you, Lucilla?" she said; "I could not believe my eyes. What can have brought you out of doors on such a day? You that have everything your own way, and no call to exert yourself —"

"I have been to see Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, sweetly; "when the weather is bad she sees nobody, and she is always so pleased to have me. Her rheumatism is not so bad thank you — though I am sure if this weather should last —"

"You would see Mrs. Beverley's blanket,"

said Mrs. Woodburn, who was a little nervous, though perhaps that might only be the cold; "but we know what sort of woman she is, and it must have been the Archdeacon's nieces, my dear. Do turn back with me a moment, Lucilla; or I shall go with you. I want to speak to you. Of course you have heard of Harry's coming home?"

"I saw it in the papers," said Miss Marjoribanks, whose perfect serenity offered a curious contrast to her companion's agitation. "I am sure I shall be very glad to see him again. I hope he will come to dinner on Thursday as he used to do. It will be quite nice to see him in his old place."

"Yes," said Mrs. Woodburn; "but that was not what I was thinking of. You know you used always to say he ought to be in Parliament; and he has always kept thinking of it since he went away — and thinking! I am sure, that it would please you," said the poor woman, faltering; for Lucilla listened with a smile that was quite unresponsive, and did not change countenance in the least, even at this tender suggestion. "He has come home with that object now, you know, now that poor old Mr. Chiltern is dead; and I hope you are going to help us, Lucilla," said Mrs. Woodburn. Her voice quite vibrated with agitation as she made this hurried, perhaps injudicious, appeal, thinking within herself at the same moment what would Harry say if he knew that she was thus committing him. As for Lucilla, she received it all with the same tranquillity, as if she expected it, and was quite prepared for everything that her assailant had to say.

"I am sure I wish I had a vote," said Lucilla; "but I have no vote, and what can a girl do? I am so sorry I don't understand about politics. If we were going in for that sort of thing, I don't know what there would be left for the gentlemen to do."

"You have influence, which is a great deal better than a vote," said Mrs. Woodburn; "and they all say there is nobody like a lady for electioneering — and a young lady above all; and then you know Harry so well, and can always draw him out to the best advantage. I never thought he looked so nice, or showed his talents so much, as when he was with you," said the eager advocate. She was only wrapped in a shawl herself, and when she looked at Lucilla's sealskin coat, and saw how rosy and comfortable she looked, and how serene and immovable, poor Mrs. Woodburn was struck with a pang of envy. If Miss Marjoribanks had married ten years ago, it might have been she now who would have had to stand trembling with anxiety and eagerness among the falling

snow, knowing sundry reasons why Mr. Cayendish should be disposed to go into Parliament more substantial than that of gratifying a young lady, and feeling how much depended on her ability to secure support for him. This, as it happened, had fallen to his sister's share instead, and Lucilla stood opposite to her looking at her, attentive and polite, and unresponsive. If Harry had only not been such a fool ten years ago! for Mrs. Woodburn began to think now with aunt Jemima, that Lucilla did not marry because she was too comfortable, and, without any of the bother, could have everything her own way.

"It is so cold," said Miss Marjoribanks, "and I do think it is coming on to snow very fast. I don't think it is good to stand talking. Do come in to lunch, and then we can have a long chat; for I am sure nobody else will venture out to-day."

"I wish I could come," said Mrs. Woodburn, "but I have to go down to Mary Centum's, and hear all about her last new housemaid, you know. I don't know what servants are made of for my part. They will go out in their caps and talk to the young men, you know, in a night that is enough to give any one their death," the mimic added, with a feeble exercise of her gift which it was sad to see. "But Harry will be sure to come to call the first time he goes out, and you *will* not forget what I have said to you, Lucilla?" and with this Mrs. Woodburn took her young friend's hand and looked in her face with a pathetic emphasis which it would be impossible to describe.

"Oh no, certainly not," said Miss Marjoribanks, with cheerful certainty; and then they kissed each other in the midst of the falling snow. Mrs. Woodburn's face was cold, but Lucilla's cheek was warm and blooming as only a clear conscience and a sealskin cloak could have made it; and then they went their several ways through the wintry solitude. Ah, if Harry had only not been such a fool ten years ago! Mrs. Woodburn was not an enthusiastic young wife, but knew very well that marriage had its drawbacks, and had come to an age at which she could appreciate the comfort of having her own way without any of the bother. She gave a furtive glance after Lucilla, and could not but acknowledge to herself that it would be very foolish of Miss Marjoribanks to marry, and forfeit all her advantages, and take somebody else's anxieties upon her shoulders, and never have any money except what she asked from her husband. Mrs. Chiley, to be sure, who was more experienced than Mrs. Woodburn, and might have been her

grandmother, took a different view of the subject; but this is what the middle-aged married woman felt, who had, as may be said, two men to carry on her shoulders, as she went anxiously down Grange Lane to conciliate Mrs. Centum, wrapping her shawl about her, and feeling the light snow melt beneath her feet, and the cold and discomfort go to heart. She had her husband to keep her in good humour, and her brother to keep up and keep to the mark, and to do what she could to remedy in public the effects of his indolent Continental habits, and carry, if it was possible, the election for him—all with the horrid sense upon her mind that if at any time the dinner should be a little less cared for than usual, or the children more noisy, Woodburn would go on like a savage. Under such circumstances, the poor woman, amid her cares, may be excused if she looked back a little wistfully at Lucilla going home all comfortable and independent and light-hearted, with no cares, nor anybody to go on at her, in her sealskin coat.

This was how Lucilla commenced that effective but decorous advocacy which did Mr. Ashburton so much good in Carlingford. She did not pretend to understand about politics, or to care particularly about Reform or the Income-tax; but she expressed with quiet solemnity her conviction that it was not opinions but a good man that was wanted; that it was not a prime minister they were going to elect, and that Mr. Ashburton was the man for Carlingford, "By George! Lucilla is in the right of it," Colonel Chiley said; "that was always my opinion;" and the people in Grange Lane began very soon to echo the Colonel's sentiments. As for Miss Marjoribanks, nobody had any occasion to "go on" about any neglect on her part of her household duties. Dr. Marjoribanks's dinners were always excellent, and it was now, as ever, a privilege to be admitted to his table, and nothing could be more exemplary than the care Lucilla took of aunt Jemima, who had always such bad nights. Even on that snowy morning she went in from her more important cares, with a complexion freshened by the cold, and coaxed Mrs. John into eating something, and made her as comfortable as possible at the drawing-room fireside. "Now, tell me all about Tom," Lucilla said, when she had got her work and settled herself comfortably for a quiet afternoon—for the snow had come on heavier than ever, and unless it might be a sister of charity, or such another sister not of charity,

as Lucilla had already encountered, nobody was like to stir abroad or to disturb the two ladies in their work and their talk. Lucilla had some very interesting worsted-work in hand for her part, and the drawing-room never looked more cozy, with somebody to talk to inside, and the wintry world and driving snow without. And as for aunt Jemima, such an invitation as Miss Marjoribanks had just given lifted her into a paradise of content. She took Lucilla at her word, and told her, as may be supposed, all about Tom, including many things which she was quite acquainted with and knew by heart; and at the same time there was a something implied all through, but never obtrusively set forth, which was not displeasing to the auditor. Miss Marjoribanks listened with affectionate satisfaction, and asked a great many questions, and supplied a great many reminiscences, and entered quite into the spirit of the conversation. And the two spent a very pleasant afternoon together,—so pleasant that Mrs. John felt quite annoyed at the reflection that it must come to an end like everything else that is good, and that she must get herself once more into her velvet gown and dine with her brother-in-law. If Providence had only given her the girl instead of the Doctor, who would no doubt have got on quite well without any children; but then, to be sure, if Lucilla had been hers to start with, she never could have married Tom.

For this was the extravagant hope which had already begun to blossom in his mother's breast. To be sure a woman might marry Tom, who was too comfortable at home to think of marrying just anybody who might make her an offer. But it was not easy to tell how Lucilla herself felt on this subject. Her complexion was so bright with her walk, her sensations so agreeable after that warm, cheerful, pleasant afternoon, her position so entirely everything that was to be desired, and her mind so nobly conscious of being useful to her kind and country, that, even without any additional argument, Miss Marjoribanks had her reward, and was happy. Perhaps a touch more exquisite might have come in to round the full proportions of content; but if so, nobody could make altogether sure of it. For, to tell the truth, Lucilla was so well off that it was not necessary to invent any romantic source of happiness to account for the light of wellbeing and satisfaction that shone in her eyes.

"HOW LONG! O LORD, HOW LONG!"

(Musings in the Abbey Chapel, Tintern, Monmouth; Founded A.D. 1131. Despoiled 1531. Till now a Ruin.)

BY WILLIAM J. IRONS, D.D.

I.

How long! O LORD, how long! —
Fall'n is the Temple, where thine honour dwelt,
The stones are gone where once Thy people
 knelt,
And hush'd is now their song!

Still, night by night, that choir of stars on high,
And yon fair moon, the work of GOD's own
 fingers,
Proclaim His glory to the list'ning sky:
Here, as of old, their peaceful lustre lingers,
And high in solemn contrast stands
 With work of mortal hands: —
That Heav'nly light all coldly smiles
 Through these sad aisles!

II.

And yet, — O heav'nlier lesson far! —
Mighty deeds of men there are,
Works, our sainted sires have done,
Which shall outlive moon and star,
 And the resplendent sun.
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
But holy deeds shall rise from out their dust;
And every work of patience, love, and trust,
Shall live, and shine in an immortal day!

Naught is forgotten that hath here been done;
All waits, recorded, till the course is run,
The course of Heav'nly love, and human wrong
 How long! O LORD, how long!

III.

Say not, in vain these walls were rais'd,
That GOD might here be prais'd!
Of old they echo'd with the song,
Anthem high, and chorus strong; —
Nothing shall unremember'd be,
Psalm, nor prayer, nor litany:
No humble breath of pleading saint,
(Such as the ear of Mercy knows!)
No lowly spirit's sad complaint,
In thirst for a divine repose;
No word of penitence and love,
Once spoken here, is lost above! —
O, not in vain this Temple rose
Were it the gate of Heav'n to those
Who now lie low, beneath the sod,
Still, still they live, "they live to GOD!"

IV.

Fair, holy place! how beautiful in death!
Dread charm is on thee in thy tranquil sleep! —

I pause, with pray'r suspended breath;
I hear the river murmuring along,
With its old vacant song;
While angels in thy Sanctuary might weep,
— Here stood thine Altar high: Good spirits
 keep]
E'en now their vigil here,
With wonder and with fear,
That aught so holy should remain
Trodden by careless men, and many a foot pro-
 fane,
How long! O LORD, how long!

V.

And now it rests, in its low mountain-grave,
The skeleton of a Temple, cold and still
Funereal ivy hangs through choir and nave
Uncover'd to the skies whose dew distil
 Upon the turf strewn floor.
No echo speaks from yonder distant wall;
These voiceless aisles, though earthly tones in-
 trude,
Refuse to answer to the sounds that fall
Upon their long and cheerless solitude!
Shall they resound no more
With songs of Heav'n? pure hymns of joy and
 praise,
Or peaceful chants of old forgotten days?
Forgotten by the world's rude throng!
— How long, O LORD, how long!

VI.

Alas! those ancient men, who rear'd this pile,
Sought to bring down the worship of the skies,
And set in order here on earth awhile,
A ritual fit for angel's harmonies.
From noise and loud ambition far removed
To dwell with God they lov'd!
And deem'd that heav'nly hosts would keep
 and spare
The home of praise and prayer!
O, what strange evil mov'd the wrath of God,
To visit His own Church with chast'ning rod,
Let loose the spoiler, fierce and strong,
Though stain'd with Heav'n-remember'd
 crime,
To take possession of this fair abode,
GOD's own, throughout all time!

How long, O LORD, holy and true, how long!
What patience of Thy saints may yet abound —
What sins of men fulfil their fatal round —
What woes avenge for Thee the ancient
 wrong —
Ere the clear voice of Heav'n's own har-
 mony
Ring through these glorious aisles, and rise, O
GOD, to THEE!

— Churchman's Family Magazine.

PART VI. — CHAPTER XX.

IN COURT.

WHEN the day arrived that the Chief Baron was to resume his place on the Bench, no small share of excitement was seen to prevail within the precincts of the Four Courts. Many opined that his recovery was far from perfect, and that it was not his intention ever to return to the justice-seat. Some maintained that the illness had been far less severe than was pretended, and that he had employed the attack as a means of pressure on the Government, to accord to his age and long services the coveted reward. Less argumentative partisans there were who were satisfied to wager that he would or would not re-appear on the Bench, and bets were even laid that he would come for one last time, as though to show the world in what full vigour of mind and intellect was the man the Government desired to consign to inactivity and neglect.

It is needless to say that he was no favourite with the Bar. There was scarcely a man from the highest to the lowest whom he had not on some occasion or another snubbed, ridiculed, or reprimanded. Whose law had he not controverted, whose acuteness had he not exposed, whose rhetoric not made jest of? The mere presence of ability before him seemed to stimulate his combative spirit, and incite him to a passage at arms with one able to defend himself. No first-rate man could escape the shafts of his barbed and pointed wit; it was only dulness, hopeless dulness, that left his court with praise of his urbanity, and a eulogy over his courteous demeanour.

Now hopeless dulness is not the characteristic of the Irish Bar, and with the majority the Chief Baron was the reverse of popular.

No small tribute was it therefore to his intellectual superiority, to that mental power that all acknowledged while they dreaded, that his appearance was greeted with a murmur of approbation, which swelled louder and louder as he moved across the hall, till it burst out at last into a hoarse, full cheer of welcome. Mounting the steps with difficulty, the pale old man, seared with age and wrinkled with care, turned round towards the vast crowd, and with an eye of flashing brightness, and a heightened colour, pressed his hand upon his heart, and bowed. A very slight motion it was—less, far less, perhaps, than a sovereign might have

accorded; but in its dignity and grace it was a perfect recognition of all the honour he felt had been done him.

How broken! how aged! how fearfully changed! were the whispered remarks that were uttered around as he took his seat on the Bench, and more significant even than words were the looks interchanged when he attempted to speak; and instead of that clear metallic ring which once had been audible even outside the court, a faint murmuring sound was only heard.

A few commonplace motions were made and discharged. A somewhat wearisome argument followed on a motion for a new trial, and the benches of the bar gradually grew thinner and thinner, as the interest of the scene wore off, and as each in turn had scanned, and, after his own fashion, interpreted, the old judge's powers of mind and body; when suddenly, and as it were without ostensible cause, the court began to fill—bench after bench was occupied, till at last even all the standing-space was crowded; and when the massive curtain moved aside, vast numbers were seen without, eagerly trying to enter. At first the Chief Baron appeared not to notice the change, but his sharp eye no sooner detected it than he followed with his glance the directed gaze of the crowd, and saw it fixed on the gallery, opposite the jury-box, now occupied by a well-dressed company, in the midst of whom, conspicuous above all, sat Lady Lendrick. So well known were the relations that subsisted between himself and his wife, such publicity had been given to their hates and quarrels, that her presence here was regarded as a measure of shameless indelicacy. In the very defiant look, too, that she bestowed on the body of the court she seemed to accept the imputation, and to dare it.

Leisurely and calmly did she scan the old man's features through her double eyeglass, while from time to time, with a simpering smile, she would whisper some words to the lady at her side—words it was not needful to overhear, they were so palpably words of critical comment upon him she gazed at.

So engrossed was attention by the gross indecency of this intrusion, which had not even the shallow pretext of an interesting cause to qualify it, that it was only after a considerable time it was perceived that the lady who sat next Lady Lendrick was exceedingly beautiful. If no longer in her first youth, there were traits of loveliness in her perfectly-formed features which even years respect; and in the depth of

her orbits and the sculptural elegance of her nostrils and her mouth, there was all that beauty we love to call Greek, but in which no classic model ever could compete with the daughters of England.

Her complexion was of exceeding delicacy, as was the half-warm tint of her light-brown hair. But it was when she smiled that the captivation of her beauty became perfect; and it seemed as though each and all there appropriated that radiant favour to himself, and felt his heart bound with a sort of ecstasy. It had been rumoured in the morning through the hall that the Chief Baron, at the rising of the Court, would deliver a short reply to the address of the Bar; and now, as the last motion was being disposed of, the appearance of eager expectation and curiosity became conspicuous on every side.

That the unlooked-for presence of his wife had irritated and embarrassed the old man was plain to the least observant. The stern expression of his features; the steadfast way in which he gazed into the body of the court, to avoid even a chance glance at the gallery; the fretful impatience with which he moved his hands restlessly amongst his papers, — all showed discomposure and uneasiness. Still it was well known that the moment he was called on for a mental effort intellect ever assumed the mastery over temper, and all felt that when he should arise not a trace of embarrassment would remain to mar the calm dignity of his manner.

It was amidst a hushed silence that he stood up, and said, "Mr. Chief Sergeant, and Gentlemen of the Bar: I had intended to-day — I had even brought down with me some notes of a reply which I purposed to make to the more than flattering address which you so graciously offered to me. I find, however, that I have overrated the strength that remains to me. I find I have measured my power to thank you by the depth of my gratitude, and not by the vigour of my frame. I am too weak to say all that I feel, and too deeply your debtor to ask you to accept less than I owe you. Had the testimony of esteem you presented to me only alluded to those gifts of mind and intellect with which a gracious Providence was pleased to endow me — had you limited yourself to the recognition of the lawyer and the judge, I might possibly have found strength to assure you that I accepted your praise with the consciousness that it was not all unmerited. The language of your address, however, went beyond this; your words were those of regard, even of affec-

tion. I am unused to such as these, gentlemen. They unsettle — they unman me. Physicians tell us that the nerves of the student acquire a morbid and diseased acuteness for want of those habits of action and physical exertion which more vulgar organizations practise. So do I feel that the mental faculties gain an abnormal intensity in proportion as the affections are neglected, and the soil of the heart left untilled.

"Mine have been worse than ignored," said he, with an elevated tone, and in a voice that rang through the court. "They have been outraged, and when the time comes that biography will have to deal with my character and my fortunes, if there be but justice in the award, the summing-up will speak of me as one ever linked with a destiny that was beneath him. He was a Lawyer — he ought to have been a Legislator. He sat on the Bench, while his place was the Cabinet; and when at the end of a laborious life his brethren rallied round him with homage, and with tender regard, they found him like a long beleaguered city, starved into submission, carrying a bold port towards the enemy, but torn by dissension within, and betrayed by the very garrison that should have died in its defence."

The savage fierceness of these words turned every eye in the court to the gallery, where Lady Lendrick sat, and where, with a pleasant smile on her face, she not only listened with seeming pleasure, but beat time with her fan to the rhythm of the well-rounded periods.

A quivering of the lip, and a strange flattening of the cheek of one side, succeeded to the effort with which he delivered these words, and when he attempted to speak again his voice failed him; and after a few attempts he placed his hand on his brow, and with a look of intense and most painful significance, bowed around him to both sides of the court and retired.

"That woman, that atrocious woman, has killed him," muttered poor Haire, as he hastened to the Judge's robing-room.

"I am sorry, my dear, you should not have heard him in a better vein, for he is really eloquent at times," said Lady Lendrick to her beautiful companion, as they moved through the crowd to their carriage.

"I trust his present excitement will not have had consequences," said the other softly. "Don't you think we ought to wait and ask how he is?"

"If you like. I have only one objection, and that is, that we may be misconstrued. There are people here malicious enough to

impute the worst of motives to our anxiety. Oh, here is Mr. Pemberton! Mr. Pemberton, will you do me the great favour to inquire how the Chief Baron is? Would you do more, and say that I am most eager to know if I could be of any use to him?"

If Mr. Pemberton had no fancy for his mission, he could not very well decline it. While he was absent, the ladies took a turn through the hall, inspecting the two or three statues of distinguished lawyers, and scanning the living faces, whose bewigged expression seemed to blend the otherwise and the ridiculous in the strangest imaginable manner.

A sudden movement in the crowd betokened some event; and now, through a lane formed in the dense mass, the Chief Baron was seen approaching. He had divested himself of his robes, and looked the younger for the change. Indeed there was an almost lightness in his step, as he came forward, and, with a bland smile, said, "I am most sensible of the courtesy that led you here. I only wish my strength had been more equal to the occasion." And he took Lady Lendrick's hand with a mingled deference and regard.

"Sir William, this is my daughter-in-law. She only arrived yesterday, but was determined not to lose the opportunity of hearing you."

"To have *heard* me to-day was disappointment," said the old man, as he raised the young lady's hand to his lips. "To *see* her is none. I am charmed to meet one so closely tied to me — of such exquisite beauty. Ah, madam! it's a dear-bought privilege, this candid appreciation of loveliness we old men indulge in. May I offer you my arm?"

And now through the dense crowd they passed along; all surprised and amazed at the courteous attentions of the old Judge, whom but a few moments before they had seen almost convulsed with passion.

"She almost had won the game, Haire," said the Chief Baron, as, having handed the ladies to their carriage, he went in search of his own. "But I have mated her. My sarcasm has never given me one victory with that woman," said he, sternly. "I have never conquered her except by courtesy."

"Why did she come down to court at all?" blurted out Haire. "It was positively indecent."

"The Spanish women go to bull-fights, but I never heard that they stepped down into the arena. She has great courage — very great courage."

"Who was the handsome woman with her?"

"Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sewell. Now, that is what I call beauty, Haire. There is the element which is denied to us men — to subdue without effort — to conquer without conflict."

"Your granddaughter is handsomer to my thinking."

"They are like each other — strangely like. They have the same dimpling of the cheek before they smile, and her laugh has the same ring as Lucy's."

Haire muttered something, not very intelligibly indeed, but certainly not sounding like assent.

"Lady Lendrick had asked me to take these Sewells in at the Priory, and I refused her. Perhaps I'd have been less, peremptory had I seen this beauty. Yes, sir! There is a form of loveliness — this woman has it — as distinctly an influence as intellectual superiority, or great rank, or great riches. To deny its power you must live out of the world, and reject all the ordinances of society."

"Coquettes, I suppose, have their followers, but I don't think you or I need be of the number."

"You speak with your accustomed acuteness, Haire; but coquetry is the exercise of many gifts, beauty is the display of one: I can parry off the one; I cannot help feeling the burning rays of the other. Come, come, don't sulk; I am not going to undervalue your favourite Lucy. They have promised to dine with me on Sunday; you must meet them."

"Dine with you! — dine with you, after what you said to-day in open court!"

"That I could invite them, and they accept my invitation, is the best reply to those who would, in their malevolence, misinterpret whatever may have fallen from me. The wound of a sharp arrow is never very painful till some inexpert bungler endeavours to withdraw the weapon. It is then that agony becomes excruciating, and peril imminent."

"I suppose I am the bungler, then?"

"Heaven forbid I should say so! but as I have often warned you, Haire, your turn for sarcasm is too strong for even your good sense. When you have shotted your gun with a good joke, you will make a bull's-eye of your best friend."

"By George, then, I don't know myself, that's all; and I could as easily imagine myself a rich man as a witty one."

"You are rich in gifts more precious than money; and you have the quintessence

of all wit in that property that renders you suggestive; it is like what chemists call latent heat. But to return to Mrs. Sewell; she met my son at the Cape, and reports favourably of his health and prospects."

"Poor fellow! what a banishment he must feel it!"

"I wonder, sir, how many of us go through life without sacrifices! She says that he goes much into the world, and is already very popular in the society of the place—a great and happy change to a man who had suffered his indolence and self-indulgence to master him. Had he remained at home, I might have been able to provide for him. George Ogle's place is vacant, and I am determined to exercise my right of appointment."

"First Registrar, was he not?"

"Yes; a snug berth for incapacity—one thousand a-year. Ogle made more of it by means we shall not inquire into, but which shall not be repeated."

"You ought to give it to your grandson," said Haire, bluntly.

"You ought to know better than to say so, sir," said the Judge, with a stern severity. "It is to men like myself the public look for example and direction, and it would be to falsify all the teaching of my life if I were to misuse my patronage. Come up early on Saturday morning, and go over the list with me. There are one hundred and twenty-three applicants, backed by peers, bishops, members of Parliament, and men in power."

"I don't envy you your patronage."

"Of course not, sir. The one hundred and twenty-two disappointed candidates would present more terror to a mind like yours than any consciousness of a duty fulfilled would compensate for; but I am fashioned of other stuff."

"Well, I only hope it may be a worthy fellow gets it."

"If you mean worthy in what regards a devotion to the public service, I may possibly be able to assure you on that head."

"No, no, I mean a good fellow—a true-hearted, honest fellow, to whom the salary will be a means of comfort and happiness."

"Sir, you ask far too much. Men in my station investigate fitness and capacity; they cannot descend to inquire how far the domestic virtues influence those whom they advance to office."

"You may drop me here; I am near home," said Haire, who began to feel a little weary of being lectured.

"You will not dine with me?"

"Not to-day. I have some business this evening. I have a case to look over."

"Come up on Saturday, then—come to breakfast, bring me any newspapers that treat of the appointment, and let us see if we cannot oppose this spirit of dictation they are so prone to assume; for I am resolved I will never name a man to office who has the Press for his patron."

"It may not be his fault."

It shall be his misfortune, then. Stop, Drab; Mr. Haire wishes to get down. To the Priory," said he, as his friend went his way; and now, leaning back in his carriage, the old man continued to talk aloud, and, addressing an imaginary audience, declaim against the encroaching spirit of the newspapers, and inveigh against the perils to which their irresponsible counsels exposed the whole framework of society; and thus speaking, and passionately gesticulating, he reached his home.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MORNING CALL.

As Sir William waited breakfast for Haire on Saturday morning, a car drove up to the door, and the butler soon afterwards entered with a card and a letter. The card bore the name "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," and the letter was sealed with the viceregal arms, and had the name "Wilmington" on the corner. Sir William broke it open, and read—

"MY DEAR CHIEF BARON,—This will come to your hand through Sir Brook Fossbrooke, one of my oldest and choicest friends. He tells me he desires to know you, and I am not aware of any more natural or legitimate ambition. It would be presumption in me to direct your attention to qualities you will be more quick to discover and more able to appreciate than myself. I would only add, that your estimate will, I feel assured, be not less favourable that it will be formed of one of whose friendship I am proud. It may be that his visit to you will include a matter of business; if so, give it your courteous attention: and believe me ever, my dear Chief Baron, your faithful friend,

WILMINGTON.

"Show the gentleman in," said the Judge; and he advanced towards the door as Sir Brook entered. "I am proud to make your

acquaintance, Sir Brook," said he, presenting his hand.

"I would not have presumed to call on you at such an hour, my Lord Chief Baron, save that my minutes are numbered. I must leave for England this evening; and I wished, if possible, to meet you before I started."

"You will, I hope, join me at breakfast?"

"I breakfasted two hours ago — if I dare to dignify by the name my meal of bread and milk. But, pray, let me not keep you from yours — that is, if you will permit me to speak to you while so occupied."

"I am at your orders, sir," said the old Judge, as he seated himself and requested his visitor to sit beside him.

"His Excellency tells me, my lord, that there is just now vacant a situation of which some doubt exists as to the patron — a Registrarship, I think he called it, in your Court?"

"There is no doubt whatever, sir. The patronage is mine."

"I merely quote the Viceroy, my lord — I assert nothing of myself."

"It may not be impossible to save time, sir, when I repeat that his Excellency has misinformed you. The office is in my gift."

"May I finish the communication with which he charged me?"

"Sir, there is no case before the court," said the Judge. "I can hear you, as a matter of courtesy; but it cannot be your object to be listened to on such terms?"

"I will accept even so little. If it should prove that the view taken by his Excellency is the correct one — pray, sir, let me proceed" —

"I cannot; I have no temper for a baseless hypothesis. I will not, besides, abuse your time any more than my own forbearance; and I therefore say, that if any portion of your interest in making my acquaintance concerns that question you have so promptly broached, the minutes employed in the discussion would be thrown away by us both."

"Mr. Haire," said the servant, at this moment; and the Chief Baron's old friend entered rather heated by his walk.

"You are late by half-an-hour, Haire: let me present you to Sir Brook Fossbrooke, whose acquaintance I am now honoured in making. Sir Brook is under a delusive impression, Haire, which I told you a few days ago would demand some decisive step on my part: he thinks that the vacant registrarship is at the disposal of the Crown."

"I ask pardon," said Fossbrooke. "As I understood his Excellency, they only claim the alternate appointment."

"And they shall not assert even that, sir."

"Sir William's case is strong — it is irrefutable. I have gone over it myself," broke in Haire.

"There, sir! listen to that. You have now wherewithal to go back and tell the Viceroy that the opinion of the leading man of the Irish Bar has decided against his claim. Tell him sir, that accident timed your visit here at the same moment with my distinguished friend's, and that you in this way obtained a spontaneous decision on the matter at issue. When you couple with that judgment the name of William Haire, you will have said enough."

"I bow to this great authority," said Sir Brook with deep courtesy, "and, accepting your Lordship's statement to the fullest, I would only add, that as it was his Excellency's desire to have named me to this office, might I so far presume, on the loss of the good fortune that I had looked for, to approach you with a request, only premising that it is not on my own behalf?"

"I own, sir, that I do not clearly appreciate the title to your claim. You are familiar with the turf, Sir Brooke, and you know that it is only the second horse has a right to demand his entry."

"I have not been beaten, my lord. You have scratched my name and prevented my running."

"Let us come back to fact, sir," said the Chief Baron, not pleased with the retort. "How can you base any right to approach me with a request on the circumstance that his Excellency desired to give you what belonged to another?"

"Yes, that puts it forcibly — unanswerably — to my thinking," said Haire.

"I may condole with disappointment, sir, but I am not bound to compensate defeat," said the old Judge; and he arose and walked the room with that irritable look and manner which even the faintest opposition to him often evoked, and for which even the utterance of a flippant rebuke but partly compensated him.

"I take it, my Lord Chief Baron," said Fossbrooke, calmly, "that I have neither asked for condolence nor compensation. I told you, I hoped distinctly, that what I was about to urge was not in my own behalf."

"Well, sir, and I think the plea is only the less sustainable. The Viceroy's letter might give a pretext for the one; there is nothing in our acquaintance would warrant the other."

"If you knew, sir, how determined I am not to take offence at words which certainly imperil patience, you would possibly spare

me some of these asperities. I am in close relations of friendship with your grandson; he is at present living with me; I have pledged myself to his father to do my utmost in securing him some honourable livelihood, and it is in his behalf that I have presented myself before you to-day. Will you graciously accord me a hearing on this ground?"

There was a quiet dignity of manner in which he said this, a total forgetfulness of self, and a manly simplicity of purpose so palpable, that the old Judge felt he was in presence of one whose character called for all his respect; at the same time he was not one to be even suddenly carried away by a sentiment, and in a very measured voice he replied: "If I'm flattered, sir, by the interest you take in a member of my family, I am still susceptible of a certain displeasure that it should be a stranger should stand before me to ask me for any favour to my own."

"I am aware, my Lord Chief Baron, that my position is a false one, but so is your own."

"Mine, sir! mine? what do you mean? Explain yourself."

"If your Lordship's interest had been exerted, as it might have been, Dr. Lendrick's son would never have needed so humble a friend as he has found in me."

"And have you come here, sir, to lecture me on my duty to my family? Have you presented yourself under the formality of a vice-regal letter of introduction to tell a perfect stranger to you how he should have demeaned himself to his own?"

"Probably I might retort, and ask by what right you lecture me on my manners and behaviour? But I am willing to be taught by so consummate a master of everything; and though I was once a courtier, I believe that I have much to learn on the score of breeding. And now, my lord, let us leave this unpromising theme, and come to one which has more interest for each of us. If this registrarship, this place, whatever it be, would be one to suit your grandson, will the withdrawal of my claim serve to induce your Lordship to support *his*? In one word, my lord, will you let him have the appointment?"

"I distinctly refuse, sir," said the Judge, waving his hand with an air of dignity. "Of the young gentleman for whom you intercede I know but little; but there are two disqualifications against him, more than enough either of them to outweigh your advocacy."

"May I learn them?" asked Sir Brook, meekly.

"You shall, sir. He carries my name without its prestige; he inherits *my* temper, but not my intellect." The blood rushed to his face as he spoke, and his chest swelled, and his whole bearing bespoke the fierce pride that animated him; when suddenly, as it were, recollecting himself, he added, "I am not wont to give way thus, sir. It is only in a moment of forgetfulness that I could have obtruded a personal consideration into a question of another kind. My friend here will tell you if it has been the habit of my life to pension my family on the public."

"Having failed in one object of my coming, let me hope for better success in another. May I convey to your Lordship your grandson's regret for having offended you? It has caused him sincere sorrow, and much self-reproach. May I return with the good tidings of your forgiveness?"

"The habits of my order are opposed to rash judgments, and consequently to hasty reversions. I will consider the case, and let you hear my opinion upon it."

"I think that is about as much as you will do with him," muttered Haire in Sir Brook's ear, and with a significant gesture towards the door.

"Before taking my leave, my lord, would it be too great a liberty if I begged to present my personal respects to Miss Lendrick?"

"I will inform her of your wish, sir," said the Judge, rising and ringing the bell. After a pause of some minutes, in which a perfect silence was maintained by all, the servant returned to say, "Miss Lendrick would be happy to see Sir Brook."

"I hope, sir," said the Chief Baron, as he accompanied him to the door, "I have no need to request that no portion of what has passed here to-day be repeated to my granddaughter." A haughty bow of assent was all the reply.

"I make my advances to her heart," said the Judge, with a tone of more feeling in his voice, "through many difficulties. Let these not be increased to me — let her not think me unmindful of my own."

"Give her no reason to think so, my lord, and you may feel very indifferent to the chance words of a passing acquaintance."

"For the third time to-day, sir, have you dared to sit in judgment over my behaviour to my family. You cannot plead want of experience of life, or want of converse with men, to excuse this audacity. I must regard your intrusion, therefore, as a settled project to insult me. I accept no apologies, sir," said the old man, with a haughty wave

of his hand, while his eyes glittered with passion. "I only ask, and I hope I ask as a right, that I may not be outraged under my own roof. Take your next opportunity to offend me when I may not be hampered by the character of your host. Come down into the open arena, and see how proud you will feel at the issue of the encounter." He rang the bell violently as he spoke, and continued to ring it till the servant came.

"Accompany this gentleman to the gate," said he to the man.

Not a change came over Sir Brook's face during the delivery of this speech, and as he bowed reverently and withdrew, his manner was all that courtesy could desire.

"I see he's not going to visit Lucy," muttered Haire as Sir Brook passed the window.

"I should think not, sir. There are few men would like to linger where they have been so ingloriously defeated." He walked the room with a proud defiant look for some minutes, and then, sinking faintly into a chair, said, in a weak tremulous tone, "Haire, these trials are too much for me. It is a cruel aggravation of the ills of old age to have a heart and a brain alive to the finest sense of injury." Haire muttered something like concurrence.

"What is it you say, sir? Speak out," cried the Judge.

"I was saying," muttered the other, "I wish they would not provoke — would not irritate you; that people ought to see the state your nerves are in, and should use a little discretion how they contradict and oppose you." The bland smile of the Chief-Justice, and an assenting gesture of his hand, emboldened Haire to continue, and he went on: "I have always said, Keep away such as excite him; his condition is not one to be bettered by passionate outbreaks. Calm him, humour him."

"What a pearl above price is a friend endowed with discretion! Leave me, Haire, to think over your nice words. I would like to ponder them alone and to myself. I'll send for you by-and-by."

CHAPTER XXII.

COMING-HOME THOUGHTS.

HAD a mere stranger been a guest on that Sunday when the Chief Baron entertained at dinner Lady Lendrick, the Sewells, and his old schoolfellow Haire, he might have gone away under the impression that

he had passed an evening in the midst of a happy and united family.

Nothing could be more perfect than the blending of courtesy and familiarity. The old Chief himself was in his best of humours, which means, that with the high polish of a past age, its deference and its homage, he combined all the readiness and epigrammatic smartness of a later period. Lady Lendrick was bland, courteous, and attentive. Colonel Sewell took the part assigned him by his host, alternate talker and listener; and Mrs. Sewell herself displayed, with true woman's wit, how she knew to fall in with the Judge's humour, as though she had known him for years, and that, in each sally of his wit, and each flash of his repartee, he was but reviving memories of such displays in long past years. As for Haire, no enchantment could be more complete; he found himself not only listened to but appealed to. The Chief asked him to correct him about some fact or other of recent history; he applied to him to relate some incident in a trial he had taken part in; and, greatest triumph of all, he was called on to decide some question about the dressing of Mrs. Sewell's hair, his award being accepted as the last judgment of connoisseurship.

Lucy talked little, but seemed interested by all around her. It was a bit of high-life comedy, really amusing, and she had that mere suspicion — it was no more — of the honesty and loyalty of the talkers to give an added significance to all she saw and heard. This slight distrust, however, gave way, when Mrs. Sewell sat down beside her in the drawing-room, and talked to her of her father. Oh, how well she appeared to know him; how truly she read the guileless simplicity of his noble nature; how she distinguished — it was not all who did so — between his timid reserve and pride; how she saw that what savoured of haughtiness was in reality an excess of humility, shrouding itself from notice; how she dwelt on his love for children, and the instantaneous affection he inspired in them towards himself. Last of all, how she won the poor girl's heart as she said, "It will never do to leave him there, Lucy; we must have him here, at home with us. I think you may intrust it to me; I generally find my way in these sort of things."

Lucy could have fallen at her feet with gratitude as she heard these words, and she pressed her hand to her lips and kissed it fervently. "Why isn't your brother here? is he not in Dublin?" asked Mrs. Sewell suddenly.

"Yes, he is in town," stammered out Lucy, "but grandpapa scarcely knows him, and when they did meet, it was most unfortunate. I'll tell you all about it another time."

"We have many confidences to make each other," said Mrs. Sewell, with a sigh so full of sorrow that Lucy instinctively pressed her hand with warmth, as though to imply her trustfulness would not be ill deposited.

At last came the hour of leave-taking, and the Judge accompanied his guests to the door, and even bare-headed handed Lady Lendrick to her carriage. To each, as he said "good-night," he had some little appropriate speech — a word or two of gracious compliment, uttered with all his courtesy.

"I call this little dinner a success, Lucy," said he, as he stood to say "good-night" on the stairs. "Lady Lendrick was unusually amiable, and her daughter-in-law is beyond praise."

"She is indeed charming," said Lucy fervently.

"I found the Colonel also agreeable — less dictatorial than men of his class generally are. I suspect we shall get on well together with further acquaintance; but, as Haire said, I was myself to night, and would have struck sparks out of the dullest rock, so that I must not impute to him what may only have been the reflex of myself. Ah, dear! there was a time when these exertions were the healthful stimulants of my life; now they only weary and excite — good-night, dear child, good-night."

As Lady Lendrick and her party drove homeward, not a word was uttered for some minutes after they had taken their seats. It was not till after they had passed out of the grounds, and gained the highroad, that she herself broke silence. "Well, Dudley," said she at last, "is he like my description? was my portrait too highly coloured?"

"Quite the reverse. It was a faint weak sketch of the great original. In all my life I never met such inordinate vanity and such overweening pretension. I give him the palm as the most conceited man and the greatest bore in Christendom."

"Do you wonder now if I couldn't live with him?" asked she, half triumphantly.

"I'll not go that far. I think I could live with him if I saw my way to any advantage by it."

"I'm certain you could not! The very things you now reprobate are the few endurable traits about him. It is in the resources of his intense conceit he finds what-

ever renders him pleasant and agreeable. I wish you saw his other humour."

"I can imagine it may not be all that one would desire; but still" —

"It comes well from you to talk of submitting and yielding," burst out Lady Lendrick. "I certainly have not yet detected these traits in your character; and I tell you frankly, you and Sir William could not live a week under the same roof together. Don't you agree with me, Lucy?"

"What should she know about it?" said he, fiercely; and before she could reply, "I don't suspect she knows a great deal about *me* — she knows nothing at all about *him*."

"Well, would you like to live with him yourself, Lucy?" asked Lady Lendrick.

"I don't say I'd *like* it, but I think it might be done," said she, faintly, and scarcely raising her eyes as she spoke.

"Of course, then, my intractable temper is the cause of all our incompatibility; my only consolation is, that I have a son and a daughter-in-law so charmingly endowed, that their virtues are more than enough to outweigh my faults."

"What I say is this," said the Colonel, sternly — "I think the man is a bore, or a bully; but that he needn't be both if one doesn't like it. Now I'd consent to be bored, to escape being bullied, which is precisely the reverse of what you appear to have done."

"I am charmed with the perspicuity you display. I hope, Lucy, that it tends to the happiness of your married life, to have a husband so well able to read character."

Apparently this was a double-headed shot, for neither spoke for several minutes.

"I declare I almost wish he would put you to the test," said Lady Lendrick. "I mean, I wish he'd ask you to the Priory."

"I fancy it is what he means to do," said Mrs. Sewell, in the same low tone — "at least, he came to me when I was standing in the small drawing-room, and said, 'How would you endure the quiet stillness and uniformity of such a life as I lead here? would its dulness overpower you?'"

"Of course you said it would be paradise," broke in her Ladyship; "you hinted all about your own resources, and such-like."

"She did no such thing; she took the pathetic line, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and implied how she would love it, as a refuge from the cruel treatment of a bad husband — eh, am I right?" Harsh and insolent as the words were, the accents in which they were uttered were far more so.

"Out with it, madam! was it not something like that you said?"

"No," said she, gently. "I told Sir William I was supremely happy, blessed in every accident and in every relation of my life, and that hitherto I had never seen the spot which could not suit the glad temper of my heart."

"You keep the glad temper confoundedly to yourself then," burst he out. "I wish you were not such a niggard of it."

"Dudley, Dudley, I say," cried Lady Lendrick, in a tone of reproof.

"I have learned not to mind these amenities," said Mrs. Sewell, in a quiet voice, "and I am only surprised that Colonel Sewell thinks it worth while to continue them."

"If it be your intention to become Sir William's guest, I must say such habits will require to be amended," said her Ladyship, gravely.

"So they shall, mother. Your accomplished and amiable husband, as you once called him in a letter to me, shall only see us in our turtle moods, and never be suffered to approach our cage save when we are billing and cooing."

The look of aversion he threw at his wife as he spoke was something that words cannot convey; and though she never raised her eyes to meet it, a sickly pallor crept over her cheek as the blight fell on her.

"I am to call on him to-morrow, by appointment. I wish he had not said twelve. One has not had his coffee by twelve; but as he said, 'I hope that will not be too early for you,' I felt it better policy to reply, 'By no means;' and so I must start as if for a journey."

"What does he mean by asking you to come at that hour? have you any notion what his business is?"

"Not the least. We were in the hall. I was putting on my coat, when he suddenly turned round and asked me if I could, without inconvenience, drop in about twelve."

"I wonder what it can be for."

"I'll tell you what I hope it may not be for! I hope it may not be to show me his conservatory, or his Horatian garden, as he pedantically called it, or his fish-ponds. If so, I think I'll invite him some fine morning to turn over all my protested bills, and the various writs issued against me. Bore for Bore, I suspect we shall come out of the encounter pretty equal."

"He has some rare gems. I'd not wonder if it was to get you to select a present for Lucy."

"If I thought so, I'd take a jeweller with me, as though my friend, to give me a hint as to the value."

"He admires you, Lucy, greatly; he told me so as he took me down-stairs."

"She has immense success with men of that age: nothing over eighty seems able to resist her."

This time she raised her eyes, and they met his, not with their former expression, but full of defiance, and of an insolent meaning, so that after a moment he turned away his gaze, and after a seeming struggle looked abashed and ashamed. "The first change I will ask you to make in that house," said Lady Lendrick, who had noticed this by-play, "if ever you become its inmates, will be to dismiss that tiresome old hanger-on Mr. Haire. I abhor him."

"My first reform will be in the sherry. To get rid of that vile sugary compound of horrid nasiness he gives you after soup. The next will be the long-tailed black coach-horses. I don't think a man need celebrate his own funeral every time he goes out for a drive."

"Haire," resumed Lady Lendrick, in a tone of severity, meant, perhaps, to repress all banter on a serious subject — "Haire not only supplies food to his vanity, but stimulates his conceit by little daily stories of what the world says of him. I wish he would listen to *me* on that subject — I wish he would take *my* version of his place in popular estimation."

"I opine that the granddaughter should be got rid of," said the Colonel.

"She is a fool — only a fool," said Lady Lendrick.

"I don't think her a fool," said Mrs. Sewell slowly.

"I don't exactly mean so much, but that she has no knowledge of life, and knows nothing whatever of the position she is placed in, nor how to profit by it."

"I'd not even go that far," said Mrs. Sewell, in the same quiet tone.

"Don't pay too much attention to *that*," said the Colonel to his mother. "It's one of her ways always to see something in every one that nobody else has discovered."

"I made that mistake once too often for my own welfare," said she, in a voice only audible to his ear.

"She tells me, mother, that she made that same mistake once too often for her own welfare; which, being interpreted, means in taking me for her husband — a civil speech to make a man in presence of his mother."

"I begin to think that politeness is not the quality any of us are eager about," said

Lady Lendrick; "and I must say I am not at all sorry that the drive is over."

"If I had been permitted to smoke, you'd not have been distressed by any conversational excesses on my part," said the Colonel.

"I shall know better another time, Dudley; and possibly it would be as well to be suffocated with tobacco as half-choked with anger. Thank heaven we are at the door!"

"May I take your horses as far as the Club?" asked Sewell as he handed her out.

"Yes, but not to wait. You kept them on Tuesday night till past four o'clock."

"On second thought I'll walk," said he, turning away. "Good-night;" and leaving his wife to be assisted down the steps by the footman, he lighted his cigar, and walked away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VERY HUMBLE DWELLING.

THE little lodging occupied by Sir Brook and young Lendrick was in a not very distinguished suburb near Cullen's Wood. It was in a small one-storied cottage, whose rickety gate bore the inscription *Avoca Villa* on a black board, under which, in a form of permanence that indicated frequent changes of domicile, were the words—"Furnished Apartments, and Board if required." A small inclosure, with three hollyhocks in a raised mound in the centre, and a luxurious crop of nettles around, served as garden: a narrow path of very rough shingle conducted to the door.

The rooms within were very small, low, and meanly furnished; they bespoke both poverty and neglect; and while the broken windows, the cobwebbed ceiling, and the unwashed floor, all indicated that no attention was bestowed on comfort or even decency, over the fireplace, on a large black frame, was a painting representing the genealogical tree of the house of the proprietor, Daniel O'Reardon, Esquire, the lineal descendant of Frenok-Dhubh-na-Bochlish O'Reardon, who was king of West Carberry, A.D. 703, and who, though at present only a doorkeeper in H. M. Court of Exchequer, had royal blood in his veins, and very kingly thoughts in his head.

If a cruel destiny compelled Mr. O'Reardon to serve the Saxon, he "took it out" in a most hearty hatred of his patron. He denounced him when he talked, and he reviled him when he sang. He treasured up

paragraphs of all the atrocities of the English press, and he revelled in the severe strictures which the Irish papers bestowed on them. So far as hating went, he was a true patriot.

If some people opined that Mr. O'Reardon's political opinions rather partook of what was in vogue some sixty-odd years ago than what characterized our own day, there were others, less generous critics, who scrupled not to say that he was a paid spy of the Government, and that all the secret organization of treason—all the mysterious plotting of rebellion that seems never to die completely out in Ireland—were known to and reported by this man to the "Castle." Certain it was that he lived in a way his humble salary at the Four Courts could not have met, and indulged in convivial excesses far beyond the reach of his small pay.

When Sir Brook and Tom Lendrick became his lodgers, he speedily saw that they belonged to a class far above what usually resorted to his humble house. However studiously simple they might be in all their demands, they were unmistakably gentlemen; and this fact, coupled with their evident want of all employment or occupation, considerably puzzled Mr. O'Reardon, and set him a-thinking what they could be, who they were, and, as he phrased it, what they were at. No letters came for them, nor, as they themselves gave no names, was there any means of tracing their address; and to his oft-insinuated request, "If any one asks for you, sir, by what name shall I be able to answer?" came the same invariable "No one will call;" and thus was Mr. O'Reardon reduced to designate them to his wife as the "old chap," and the "young one," titles which Sir Brook and Tom more than once overheard through the frail partitions of the ill-built house.

It is not impossible that O'Reardon's peculiar habits and line of life disposed him to attach a greater significance to the seeming mystery that surrounded his lodgers than others might have ascribed; it is probable that custom had led him to suspect every thing that was any way suspicious. These men draw many a cover where there is no fox, but they rarely pass a gorse thicket and leave one undetected. His lodgers thus became to him a study. Had he been a man of leisure, he would have devoted the whole of it to their service; he would have dogged their steps, learned their haunts, and watched their acquaintances—if they had any. Sunday was, however, his one free day, and by some in-

conceivable perversity they usually spent the entire of it at home.

The few books they possessed bore no names; some of them were in foreign languages, and increased thereby Mr. O'Reardon's suspicious distrust, but none gave any clue to their owners. There was another reason for his eagerness and anxiety: for a long time back Ireland had been generally in a condition of comparative quiet and prosperity; there was less of distress, and consequently less of outrage. The people seemed at length to rely more upon themselves and their own industry, than on the specious promises of trading politicians, and Mr. O'Reardon, whose functions, I fear, were not above reproach in the matter of secret information, began to fear lest some fine morning he might be told his occupation was gone, and that his employers no longer needed the fine intelligence that could smell treason, even by a sniff: he must, he said, do something to revive the memory of his order, or the chance was it would be extinguished for ever.

He had to choose between denouncing them as French emissaries or American sympathizers. A novel of Balzac's that lay on the table decided for the former, for he knew enough to be aware it was in French; and fortified with this fact, he proceeded to draw up his indictment for the Castle.

It was, it must be confessed, a very meagre document; it contained little beyond the writer's own suspicions. Two men who were poor enough to live in Avoca Villa, and yet rich enough to do nothing for their livelihood, who gave no names, went out at unseasonable hours, and understood French, ought to be dangerous, and required to be watched, and therefore he gave an accurate description of their general appearance, age, and dress, at the office of the Private Secretary, and asked for his "instructions" in consequence.

Mr. O'Reardon was not a bad portrait-painter with his pen, and in the case of Sir Brook there were peculiarities enough to make even a caricature a resemblance: his tall narrow head, his long drooping mustache, his massive gray eyebrows, his look of stern dignity, would have marked him, even without the singularities of dress which recalled the fashions of fifty years before.

Little indeed did the old man suspect that his high-collared coat and bell-shaped hat were subjecting him to grave doubts upon his loyalty. Little did he think, as he sauntered at evening along the green lanes in this retired neighbourhood, that his

thoughts should have been on treason and bloodshed.

He had come to the little lodging, it is true, for privacy. After his failure in that memorable interview with Sir William Lendrick, he had determined that he would not either importune the Viceroy for place, nor would he be in any way the means of complicating the question between the Government and the Chief Baron by exciting the Lord-Lieutenant's interest in his behalf.

"We must change our lodging, Tom," said he, when he came home on that night. "I am desirous that for the few days we remain here none should trace nor discover us. I will not accept what are called compensations, nor will I live on here to be either a burden or a reproach to men who were once only my equals."

"You found my worthy grandfather somewhat less tractable than you thought for, sir?" asked Tom.

"He was very fiery and very haughty, but on the whole there was much that I liked in him. Such vitality in a man of his years is in itself a grand quality, and in even its aggressiveness suggests much to regard. He refused to hear of me for the vacant office, and he would not accept you."

"How did he take your proposal to aid us by a loan?"

"I never made it. The terms we found ourselves on after half-an-hour's discussion of other matters rendered such a project impossible."

"And Lucy—how did she behave through it all?"

"She was not there; I did not see her."

"So that it turned out as I predicted—a mere meeting to exchange amenities."

"The amenities were not many, Tom, and I doubt much if your grandfather will treasure up any very delightful recollections of my acquaintance."

"I'd like to see the man, woman, or child," burst out Tom, "who ever got out of his cage without a scratch. I don't believe that Europe contains his equal for irascibility."

"Don't dwell on these views of life," said Sir Brook, almost sternly. "You, nor I, know very little what are the sources of those intemperate outbreaks we so often complain of—what sore trials are ulcerating the nature, what agonizing maladies, what secret terrors, what visions of impending misery; least of all do we know or take count of the fact, that it is out of these high-strung temperaments we obtain those thrilling notes of human passion and tenderness coarser natures never attain to. Let us

bear with a passing discord in the instrument whose cadences can move us to very ecstasy."

Tom hung his head in silence, but he certainly did not seem convinced. Sir Brook quietly resumed, "How often have I told you that the world has more good than bad in it—yes, and what's more, that as we go on in life this conviction strengthens in us, and that our best experiences are based on getting rid of our disbeliefs. Hear what happened me this morning. You know that for some days back I have been negotiating to raise a small loan of four hundred pounds to take us to Sardinia and start our Mine. Mr. Waring, who was to have lent me this sum on the security of the Mine itself, took it into his head to hesitate at the last hour, and inserted an additional clause that I should insure my life in his behalf.

"I was disconcerted, of course, by this—so much so, that had I not bought a variety of tools and utensils on trust, I believe I would have relinquished the bargain and tried elsewhere. It was, however, too late for this; I was driven to accept his terms, and, accredited with a printed formula from an Insurance, I waited on the doctor who was to examine me.

"A very brief investigation satisfied him that I was not seaworthy; he discovered I know not what about the valves of my heart, that implied mischief, and after "percussing" me, as he called it, and placing his ear to my chest, he said, 'I regret to say, sir, that I cannot pronounce you insurable.'

"I could have told him that I came of a long-lived race on either side; that during my life I had scarcely known an illness, that I had borne the worst climates without injury, and suchlike—but I forebore; I had too much deference for his station and his acquirements to set my judgment against them, and I arose to take my leave. It is just possible, though I cannot say I felt it, that his announcement might have affected me—at all events, the disappointment did so, and I was terrified about the difficulties in which I saw myself involved. I became suddenly sick, and I asked for a glass of water; before it came I had fainted, a thing that never in my whole life had befallen me. When I rallied, he led me to talk of my usual habits and pursuits, and gradually brought me to the subject which had led me to his house. 'What!' said he, 'ask for any security beyond the property itself! It is absurd; Waring is always doing these things. Let me ad-

vance this money. I know a great deal more about you, Sir Brook, than you think; my friend Dr. Lendrick has spoken much of you, and of all your kindness to his son; and though you may not have heard of my name—Beattie,—I am very familiar with yours'

"In a word, Tom, he advanced the money. It is now in that writing-desk; and I have—I feel it—a friend the more in the world. As I left his door, I could not help saying to myself, What signify a few days more or less of life, so long as such generous traits as this follow one to the last! He made me a happier man by his noble trust in me than if he had declared me a miracle of strength and vigour. Who is that looking in at the window, Tom? It's the second time I have seen a face there."

Tom started to his feet and hurried to the door. There was, however, no one there; and the little lane was silent and deserted. He stopped a few minutes to listen, but not a footfall could be heard, and he returned to the room believing it must have been a mere illusion.

"Let us light candles, Tom, and have out our maps. I want to see whether Marseilles will not be our best and cheapest route to the island."

They were soon poring eagerly over the opened map, Sir Brook carefully studying all the available modes of travel; while Tom, be it owned, let his eyes wander from land to land, till, following out the Danube to the Black Sea, he crossed over and stretched away into the mountain gorges of Circassia, where Schamyl and his brave followers were then fighting for liberty. For maps, like the lands they picture, never offer to two minds kindred thoughts; each follows out in space the hopes and ambitions that his heart is charged with; and where one reads wars and battle-fields, another but sees pastoral pleasures and a tranquil existence—home and home happiness.

"Yes, Tom; here I have it. These coasting craft, whose sailing-lines are marked here, will take us and our traps to Cagliari for a mere trifle—here is the route."

As the young man bent over the map the door behind opened, and a stranger entered. "So I have found you, Fossbrooke!" cried he, "though they insisted you had left Ireland ten days ago."

"Mercy on me! Lord Wilmington!" said Sir Brook, as he shaded his eyes to stare at him. "What could have brought you here?"

"I'll tell you," said he, dropping his

voice. "I read a description so very like you in the secret report this morning, that I sent my servant Curtis, who knows you well, to see if it was not yourself; when he came back to me—for I waited for him at the end of the lane—with the assurance that I was right, I came on here. I must tell you that I took the precaution to have your landlord detained, as if for examination, at the Under-Secretary's office; and he is the only one here who knows me. Mr. Lendrick, I hope you have not forgotten me? we met some months ago on the Shannon."

"What can I offer you?" said Sir Brook. "Shall it be tea? We were just going to have it."

"I'll take whatever you like to give me; but let us profit by the few moments I can stay. Tell me how was it you failed with the Chief Baron?"

"He wouldn't have me, that's all. He maintains his right to an undivided patronage, and will accept of no dictation."

"Will he accept of your friend here? He has strong claims on him."

"As little as myself, my lord: he grew eloquent on his public virtue, and of course became hopeless."

"Will he retire and let us compensate him?"

"I believe not. He thinks the country has a vested interest in his capacity, and as he cannot be replaced, he has no right to retire."

"He may make almost his own terms with us, Fossbrooke," said the Viceroy. "We want to get rid of himself and an intractable Attorney-General together. Will you try what can be done?"

"Not I, my lord. I have made my first and last advances in that quarter."

"And yet I believe you are our last chance. He told Pemberton yesterday you were the one man of ability that ever called on him with a message from a Viceroy."

"Let us leave him undisturbed in his illusion, my lord."

"I'd say, let us profit by it, Fossbrooke. I have been in search of you these eight days, to beg you would take the negotiation in hand. Come, Mr. Lendrick, you are interested in this; assist me in persuading Sir Brook to accept this charge. If he will undertake the mission, I am ready to give him ample powers to treat."

"I suspect, my lord," said Tom, "you do not know my grandfather. He is not a very manageable person to deal with."

"It is for that reason I want to place him in the hands of my old friend here."

"No, no, my lord; it is quite hopeless. Had we never met, I might have come before him with some chance of success; but I have already prejudiced myself in his eyes, and our one interview was not very gratifying to either of us."

"I'll not give in, Fossbrooke, even though I am well aware I can do nothing to requite the service I ask of you."

"We leave Ireland to-morrow evening. We have a project which requires our presence in the island of Sardinia. We are about to make our fortunes, my lord, and I'm sure you're not the man to throw any obstacle in the way."

"Give me half an hour of your morning, Fossbrooke; half an hour will suffice. Drive out to the Priory; see the Chief Baron; tell him I intrusted the negotiation to you, as at once more delicate to each of us. You are disconnected with all parties here. Say it is not a question of advancing this man or that—that we well know how inferior must any successor be to himself, but that certain changes are all-essential to us. We have not—I may tell you in confidence—the right man as our law adviser in the House; and add, 'It is a moment to make your own terms; write them down, and you shall have your reply within an hour—a favourable one I may almost pledge myself it to be. At all events, every detail of the meeting is strictly between us, and on honour.' Come, now, Fossbrooke; do this for me as the greatest service I could entreat of you."

"I cannot refuse you any longer. I will go. I only premise that I am to limit myself strictly to the statement you shall desire me to repeat. I know nothing of the case; and I cannot be its advocate."

"Just so. Give me your card. I will merely write these words—'See Sir Brook for me.—WILMINGTON.' Our object is his resignation, and we are prepared to pay handsomely for it. Now, a word with you, Mr. Lendrick. I heard most honourable mention of you yesterday from the viceprovost; he tells me that your college career was a triumph so long as you liked it, and that you have abilities for any walk in life. Why not continue, then, on so successful a path? why not remain, take out your degree, and emulate that distinguished relative who has thrown such lustre on your family?"

"First of all, my lord, you have heard me much overrated. I am not at all the man

these gentlemen deem me; secondly, if I were, I'd rather bring my abilities to any pursuit my friend here could suggest. I'd rather be *his* companion than be my grandfather's rival. You have heard what he said a while ago—we are going to seek our fortune."

"He said to make it," said Lord Wilmington, with a smile.

"Be it so, my lord. I'll seek, and *he'll* find; at all events, I shall be his companion; and I'm a duller dog than I think myself if I do not manage to be the better of it."

"You are not the only one he has fascinated," said the Viceroy, in a whisper. "I'm not sure I'd disenchant you if I had the power."

"Must I positively undertake this negotiation?" asked Fossbrooke, with a look of entreaty.

"You must."

"I know I shall fail."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, as Lady Macbeth says, if we fail, we *fail*; and though murdering a king be an easier thing than muzzling a Chief Baron—here goes."

As he said this the door was gently moved, and a head protruded into the room.

"Who is that?" cried Tom, springing rapidly towards the door; but all was noiseless and quiet, and no one to be seen. "I believe we are watched here," said he, coming back into the room.

"Good-night, then. Let me have your report as early as may be, Fossbrooke. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MORNING AT THE PRIORY.

THE morning after this interview was that on which the Chief Baron had invited Colonel Sewell to inspect his gardens and hothouses, a promise of pleasure which, it is but fair to own, the Colonel regarded with no extravagant delight. To his thinking, the old Judge was an insupportable Bore. His courtesey, his smartness, his anecdotes, his reminiscences, were all Boredom. He was only endurable when by the excess of his conceit he made himself ridiculous. Then alone did Sewell relish his company; for he belonged to that class of men, and it is a class, who feel their highest enjoyment whenever they witness any trait in human nature that serves to disparage its dignity or tarnish its fame.

That a man of unquestionable ability and

power like the Chief Baron should render himself absurd, through his vanity, was a great compensation to such a person as Sewell. To watch the weaknesses and note the flaws in a great nature, to treasure up the consolation that, after all, these "high intelligences" occasionally make precious fools of themselves, are very congenial pastimes to small folk. Perhaps, indeed, they are the sole features of such men they are able to appreciate, and, like certain reptiles, they never venture to bite save where corruption has preceded them.

Nothing in his manner betrayed this tendency—he was polished and courteous to a degree. A very critical eye might have detected in his bearing that he had been long a subordinate. His deference was a little—a very little—overstrained; he listened with a slight tinge of over-attention; and in his humility as he heard an order, and his activity as he obeyed it, you could read at once the *aide-de-camp* in waiting.

It is not necessary to remind the reader that all this lacquer of good breeding covered a very coarse and vulgar nature. In manner he was charming—his approach, his address, his conversation, were all perfect; he knew well when to be silent—when to concur by a smile with what he was not expected to confirm by a word—when to seem suddenly confronted with a new conviction, and how to yield assent as though coerced to what he would rather have resisted. In a word, he was perfect in all the training of those superb poodles who fetch and carry for their masters, that they may have the recompense of snarling at all the rest of mankind.

As there are heaven-born doctors, lawyers, divines, and engineers, so are there men specially created for the ante-chamber, and Sewell was one of them.

The old Judge had given orders for a liberal breakfast. He deemed a soldier's appetite would be a hearty one, and he meant to treat him hospitably. The table was therefore very generously spread, and Sewell looked approvingly at the fare, and ventured on a few words of compliment on the ample preparations before him.

"It is the only real breakfast-table I have seen since I left Calcutta," said he, smiling graciously.

"You do me honour, sir," replied the old man, who was not quite sure whether or not he felt pleased to be complimented on a mere domestic incident.

Sewell saw the hitch at once, and resumed. "I remember an observation Lord Commonton made me, when I joined his

staff in India. I happened to make some remark on a breakfast, set out pretty much like this, and he said, 'Bear in mind, Captain Sewell, that when a man who holds a high function sits down to a well-served breakfast, it means that he has already completed the really important work of the day. The full head means the empty stomach.'

"His Excellency was right, sir; had he always been inspired with sentiments of equal wisdom, we should never have been involved in that unhappy Cantankankarabad war."

"It was a very disastrous affair indeed," sighed Sewell; "I was through the whole of it."

"When I first heard of the project," continued the Judge, "I remarked to a friend who was with me—one of the leading men at the bar—'This campaign will tarnish our arms, and imperil our hold on India. The hill-tribes are eminently warlike, and however specious in their promises to us, their fidelity to their chiefs has never been shaken.'"

"If your judgment had been listened to, it would have saved us a heavy reverse, and saved me a very painful wound; both bones were fractured here," said Sewell, showing his wrist.

The Chief Baron scarcely deigned a glance at the cicatrix; he was high above such puny considerations. He was at that moment Governor-General of India and Prime Minister of England together. He was legislating for hundreds of millions of dark skins, and preparing his explanations of his policy for the pale faces at home.

"Mark my words, Haire," said I, "continued the Judge, with increased pomposity of manner, "'this is the beginning of insurrection in India.' We have a maxim in law, Colonel Sewell, Like case, like rule. So was it there. May I help you to this curry?"

"I declare, my lord, I was beginning to forget how hungry I was. Shall I be deemed impertinent if I ask how you obtained your marvellous—for it is marvellous—knowledge of India?"

"Just as I know the Japanese constitution; just as I know Central Africa; just as I know, and was able to quote some time back, that curious chapter of the Brehon laws on substitutes in penal cases. My rule of life has been, never to pass a day without increasing the store of my acquisitions."

"And all this with the weighty charge and labour of your high office!"

"Yes, sir; I have been eighteen years on the bench. I have delivered in that time some judgments which have come to be deemed amongst the highest principles of British law. I have contributed largely to the periodical literature of the time. In a series of papers—you may not have heard of them—signed 'Icon,' in the 'Lawyer's Treasury of Useful Facts,' I have defended the Bar against the aggressive violence of the Legislature, I hope it is not too much to say, triumphantly."

"I remember Judge Beale, our Indian Chief-Justice, referring to those papers as the most splendid statement of the position and claims of the barrister in Great Britain."

"Beale was an ass, sir; his law was a shade below his logic—both were pitiable."

"Indeed?—yes, a little more gravy. Is your cook a Provençal—that omelette would seem to say so."

"My cook is a woman, and an Irishwoman, sir. She came to me from Lord Manners, and, I need not say, with the worst traditions of her art, which, under Lady Lendrick's training, attained almost to the dignity of poisoning."

Sewell could not restrain himself any longer, but laughed out at this sudden outburst. The old Judge was, however, pleased to accept the emotion as complimentary; he smiled and went on—"I recognised her aptitude, and resolved to train her, and to this end I made it a practice to detain her every morning after prayers, and read to her certain passages from approved authors on cookery, making her experiment on the receipts for the servants' hall. We had at first some slight cases of illness, but not more serious than colic and violent cramps. In the end she was successful, sir, and has become what you see her."

"She would be a *cordón bleu* in Paris."

"I will take care, sir, that she hears of your approval. Would you not like a glass of Maraschino to finish with?"

"I have just tasted your brandy, and it is exquisite."

"I cannot offer you a cigar, Colonel; but you are at liberty to smoke if you have one."

"If I might have a stroll in that delicious garden that I see there, I could ask nothing better. Ah, my lord," said he, as they sauntered down a richly scented alley, "India has nothing like this—I doubt if Paradise has any better."

"You mean to return there?"

"Not if I can help it—not if an exchange is possible. The fact is, my lord,

my dear wife's health makes India impossible, so far as she is concerned; the children, too, are of the age that requires removal to Europe; so that, if I go back, I go back alone." He said this with a voice of deep depression, and intending to inspire the sorrow that overwhelmed him. The old Judge, however, fancied he had heard of heavier calamities in life than living separated from the wife of his bosom; he imagined, at least, that with courage and fortitude the deprivation might be endured; so he merely twitched the corners of his mouth in silence.

The Colonel misread his meaning, and went on: "Aspiring to nothing in life beyond a home and home-happiness, it is, of course, a heavy blow to me to sacrifice either my career or my comfort. I cannot possibly anticipate a return earlier than eight or ten years; and who is to count upon eight or ten years in that pestilent climate? Assuredly not a man already broken down by wounds and jungle fever!"

The justice of the remark was, perhaps, sufficient for the Chief Baron. He paid no attention to its pathetic side, and so did not reply.

Sewell began to lose patience, but he controlled himself, and, after a few puffs of his cigar, went on: "If it were not for the children, I'd take the thing easy enough. Half-pay is a beggarly thing, but I'd put up with it. I'm not a man of expensive tastes. If I can relish thoroughly such sumptuous fare as you gave me this morning, I can put up with very humble diet. I'm a regular soldier in that."

"An excellent quality, sir," said the old man, dryly.

"Lucy, of course, would suffer. There are privations which fall very heavily on a woman, and a woman, too, who has always been accustomed to a good deal of luxury."

The Chief bowed an assent.

"I suppose I might get a *dépôt* appointment for a year or two. I might also—if I sold out—manage a barrackmastership, or become an inspector of yeomanry, or some such vulgar makeshift; but I own, my lord, when a man has filled the places I have—held staff appointments—been a private secretary—discharged high trusts, too, for in Mooraghabad I acted as Deputy-Resident for eight months—it does seem a precious come-down to ask to be made a paymaster in a militia regiment, or a subaltern in the mounted police."

"Civil life is always open to a man of activity and energy," said the Judge, calmly.

"If civil life means a profession, it means

the sort of labour a man is very unfit for after five-and-thirty. The Church, of course, is open on easier terms; but I have scruples about the Church. I really could not take orders without I could conscientiously say, This is a walk I feel called to."

"An honourable sentiment, sir," was the dry rejoinder.

"So that the end will be, I suppose, one of these days I shall just repack my bullock-trunk, and go back to the place from whence I came, with the fate that attends such backward journeys!"

The Chief Baron made no remark. He stooped to attach a fallen carnation to the stick it had been attached to, and then resumed his walk. Sewell was so provoked by the sense of failure—for it had been a direct assault—that he walked along silent and morose. His patience could endure no longer, and he was ready now to resent whatever should annoy him.

"Have you any of the requirements, sir, that civil services demand?" asked the Judge, after a long pause.

"I take it I have such as every educated gentleman possesses," replied Sewell, tartly.

"And what may these be, in your estimation?"

"I can read and write, I know the first three rules of arithmetic, and I believe these are about the qualifications that fit a man for a place in the cabinet."

"You are right, sir. With these, and the facility to talk platitudes in Parliament, a man may go very far and very high in life. I see that you know the word."

Sewell, for a moment, scarcely knew whether to accept the speech as irony or approval; but a side-long glance showed him that the old man's face had resumed its expression of mingled insolence and vanity, and convinced him that he was now sincere. "The men," said the Judge, pompously, "who win their way to high station in these days are either the crafty tricksters of party or the gross flatterers of the people; and whenever a man of superior mould is discovered, able to leave his mark on the age, and capable of making his name a memory, they have nothing better to offer him, as their homage, than an entreaty that he would resign his office and retire."

"I go with every word you say, my lord," cried Sewell, with a well-acted enthusiasm.

"I want no approval, sir; I can sustain my opinions without a following!" A long silence ensued; neither was disposed to speak; at last the Judge said—and he now spoke in a more kindly tone, divested

alike of passion and of vanity—"Your friends must see if something cannot be done for you, Colonel Sewell. I have little doubt but that you have many and warm friends. I speak not of myself; I am but a broken reed to depend on. Never was there one with less credit with his party. I might go farther, and say, never was there one whose advocacy would be more sure to damage a good cause; therefore exclude me in all questions of your advancement. If you could obliterate our relationship it might possibly serve you."

"I am too proud of it, my lord, to think so."

"Well, sir," said he, with a sigh, "it is possibly a thing a man need not feel ashamed of, at least I hope as much. But we must take the world as it is, and when we want the verdict of public opinion, we must not presume to ask for a special jury. What does that servant want? Will you have the kindness to ask him whom he is looking for?"

"It is a visitor's card, my lord," said Sewell, handing it to the old man as he spoke.

"There is some writing on it. Do me the favour to read it."

Sewell took the card and read, "See Sir B. for me.—WILMINGTON. Sir Brook Fossbrooke." The last words Sewell spoke in a voice barely above a whisper, for a deadly sickness came over him, and he swayed to and fro like one about to faint.

"What! does he return to the charge?" cried the old man, fiercely. "The Viceroy was a diplomatist once. Might it not have taught him that, after a failure, it would be as well to employ another envoy?"

"You have seen this gentleman already then?" asked Sewell, in a low faint tone.

"Yes, sir. We passed an hour and half together—an hour and half that neither of us will easily forget."

"I conjecture, then, that he made no very favourable impression upon you, my lord?"

"Sir, you go too fast. I have said nothing to warrant your surmise; nor am I one to be catechised as to the opinions I form of other men. It is enough on the present occasion if I say I do not desire to receive Sir Brook Fossbrooke, accredited though he be from so high a quarter. Will you do me the very great favour"—and now his voice became almost insinuating in its tone—"will you so deeply oblige me as to see him for me? Say that I am prevented by the state of my health; that the rigorous injunctions of my doctor to avoid all causes

of excitement—lay stress on excitement—deprive me of the honour of receiving him in person; but that *you*—mention our relationship—have been deputed by me to hear, and if necessary to convey to me any communication he may have to make. You will take care to impress upon him that if the subject-matter of his visit be the same as that so lately discussed between ourselves, you will avail yourself of the discretion confided to you not to report it to me. That my nerves have not sufficiently recovered from the strain of that excitement to return to a topic no less full of irritating features than utterly hopeless of all accommodation. Mind, sir, that you employ the word as I give it—'accommodation.' It is a Gallicism, but all the better, where one desires to be imperative, and not precise. You have your instructions, sir."

"Yes, I think I understand what you desire me to do. My only difficulty is to know whether the matters Sir Brook Fossbrooke may bring forward be the same as those you discussed together. If I had any clue to these topics, I should at once be in a position to say—These are themes I must decline to present to the Chief Baron."

"You have no need to know them, sir," said the old man, haughtily. "You are in the position of an attesting witness; you have no dealing with the body of the document. Ask Sir Brook the question as I have put it, and reply as I have dictated."

Sewell stood for a moment in deep thought. Had the old man but known over what realms of space his mind was wandering—what troubles and perplexities that brain was encountering—he might have been more patient and more merciful as he gazed on him.

"I don't think, sir, I have confided to you any very difficult or very painful task," said the Judge at last.

"Nothing of the kind, my lord," replied he, quickly; "my anxiety is only that I may acquit myself to your perfect satisfaction. I'll go at once."

"You will find me here whenever you want me."

Sewell bowed, and went his way; not straight towards the house, however, but into a little copse at the end of the garden, to recover his equanimity, and collect himself. Of all the disasters that could befall him, he knew of none he was less ready to confront than the presence of Sir Brook Fossbrooke in the same town with himself. No suspicion ever crossed his mind that he would come to Ireland. The very last he had heard of him was in New Zealand,

where it was said he was about to settle. What, too, could be his business with the Chief Baron? had he discovered their relationship, and was he come to denounce and expose him? No—evidently not. The Viceroy's introduction of him could not point in this direction, and then the old Judge's own manner negatived this conjecture. Had he heard but one of the fifty stories Sir Brook could have told of him, there would be no question of suffering him to cross his threshold.

"How shall I meet him? how shall I address him?" muttered he again and again to himself, as he walked to and fro in a perfect agony of trouble and perplexity. With almost any other man in the world Sewell would have relied on his personal qualities

to carry him through a passage of difficulty. He could assume a temper of complete imperturbability; he could put on calm, coldness, deference, if needed, to any extent; he could have acted his part—it would have been mere acting—as man of honour and man of courage, to the life, with any other to confront him but Sir Brook.

This, however, was the one man on earth who knew him—the one man by whose mercy he was able to hold up his head and maintain his station; and that this one man should now be here! here, within a few yards of where he stood!

"I could murder him as easily as I go to meet him," muttered Sewell, as he turned towards the house.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY W. C. BRYANT.

"But there is yet a region of the clouds
Unseen from the low earth. Beyond the veil
Of these dark volumes rolling through the sky,
Its mountain summits glisten in the sun,—
The realm of Castles in the Air. The foot
Of man hath never trod those shining streets;
But there his spirit, leaving the dull load
Of bodily organs, wanders with delight,
And builds its structures of the impalpable
mist,
Glorious beyond the dream of architect,
And populous with forms of nobler mould
Than ever walked the earth." So said my
guide,
And led me, wondering, to a headland height
That overlooked a fair broad vale shut in
By the great hills of cloudland. "Now behold
The Castle-builders!" Then I looked; and,
lo!

The vale was filled with shadowy forms, that
bore
Each a white wand, with which they touched
the banks
Of mist beside them, and at once arose,
Obedient to their wish, the walls and domes
Of stately palaces, Gothic or Greek,
Or such as in the land of Mahomet
Uplift the crescent, or, in forms more strange,
Border the ancient Indus, or behold
Their gilded friezes mirrored in the lakes
Of China,—yet of ampler majesty,
And gorgeously adorned. Tall porticos
Sprang from the ground; the eye pursued afar
Their colonnades, that lessened to a point
In the faint distance. Portals that swung
back
On musical hinges showed the eye within
Vast halls with golden floors, and bright alcoves,
And walls of pearl, and sapphire vault besprent

With silver stars. Within the spacious rooms
Were banquets spread; and menials, beautiful
As wood-nymphs or as stripling Mercuries,
Ran to and fro, and laid the chalices,
And brought the brimming wine-jars. Enters
now

The happy architect, and wanders on
From room to room, and glories in his work.

Not long his glorying: for a chill north wind
Breathes through the structure, and the mas-
sive walls

Are folded up; the proud domes roll away
In mist-wreaths: pinnacle and turret lean
Forward, like birds prepared for flight, and
stream,

In trains of vapor, through the empty air.
Meantime the astonished builder, dispossessed,
Stands 'mid the drifting rack. A brief de-
spair

Seizes him; but the wand is in his hand,
And soon he turns him to his task again.
"Behold," said the fair being at my side,
"How one has made himself a diadem
Out of the bright skirts of a cloud that lay
Steeped in the golden sunshine, and has bound
The hauble on his forehead! See, again,
How from these vapors he calls up a host
With arms and banners! A great multitude
Gather and bow before him with bare heads.
To the four winds his messengers go forth,
And bring him back earth's homage. From
the ground

Another calls a winged image, such
As poets give to Fame, who, to her mouth
Putting a silver trumpet, blows abroad
A loud, harmonious summons to the world,
And all the listening nations shout his name.
Another yet, apart from all the rest,
Casting a fearful glance from side to side,
Touches the ground by stealth. Beneath his
wand

A glittering pile grows up, ingots and bars
Of massive gold, and coins on which earth's
kings

Have stamped their symbols." As these words
were said,

The north wind blew again across the vale,
And, lo! the beamy crown flew off in mist;
The host of armed men became a scud
Torn by the angry blast; the form of Fame
Tossed its long arms in air, and rode the wind,
A jagged cloud; the glittering pile of gold
Grew pale and flowed in a gray reek away.

Then there were sobs and tears from those
whose work

The wind had scattered: some had flung them-
selves

Upon the ground in grief; and some stood
fixed

In blank bewilderment; and some looked on
Unmoved, as at a pageant of the stage
Suddenly hidden by the curtain's fall.

"Take thou this wand," my bright companion
said.

I took it from her hand, and with it touched
The knolls of snow-white mist, and they grew
green

With soft, thick herbage. At another touch,
A brook leaped forth, and dashed and sparkled
by;

And shady walks through shrubberies cool and
close

Wandered; and where, upon the open grounds,
The peaceful sunshine lay, a vineyard nursed
Its pouting clusters; and from boughs that
drooped

Beneath their load an orchard shed its fruit;
And gardens, set with many a pleasant herb,
And many a glorious flower, made sweet the air.

I looked, and I exulted; yet I longed
For Nature's grander aspects, and I plied
The slender rod again; and then arose
Woods tall and wide, of odorous pine and fir,
And every noble tree that casts the leaf
In autumn. Paths that wound between their
stems

Led through the solemn shade to twilight glens,
To thundering torrents and white waterfalls,
And edge of lonely lakes, and chasms between
The mountain-cliffs. Above the trees were
seen

Gray pinnacles and walls of splintered rock.

But near the forest margin, in the vale,
Nestled a dwelling half embowered by trees,
Where, through the open window, shelves were
seen

Filled with old volumes, and a glimpse was
given

Of canvas here and there along the walls,
On which the hands of mighty men of art
Had flung their fancies. On the portico
Old friends, with smiling faces and frank eyes,
Talked with each other: some had passed from
life

Long since, yet dearly were remembered still.
My heart yearned toward them, and the quick,
warm tears

Stood in my eyes. Forward I sprang to grasp
The hands that once so kindly met my own,—
I sprang, but met them not: the withering
wind

Was there before me. Dwelling, field, and
brook,

Dark wood, and flowering garden, and blue
lake,

And beetling cliff, and noble human forms,—
All, all had melted into that pale sea,
A billowy vapor rolling round my feet.

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

From the Saturday Review.

MISERIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

IN a recently published novel, the authoress has been at the pains to introduce a little disquisition on honeymoons, which must fill the spirit of every reader with distress. The common belief is that the time of the honeymoon is one of the most pure and genuine bliss. But this, it would appear, is a mere delusion. "Of all the discomfortable periods of a woman's life, that which is derisively called the honeymoon is the most discomfortable." Presuming that discomfortable means the same thing as uncomfortable, one is rather startled by this to begin with, but worse follows. "The aspect of things, like an unaired robe, strikes coldly against her heart; there is no nook or corner where she seems to have her fit abiding-place; the smoothness of sweet custom has departed from her path, and a rough road of jarring incongruities is substituted for it." What on earth are the jarring incongruities thus mysteriously named? And would not a majority of brides look back upon the lethargic dulness of sweet custom rather than its smoothness? Why a pleasant excursion with a lover should be either jarring or incongruous we cannot for the life of us make out. However, we are assured that every bride sighs for "the gracious days of untrammelled singleness;" never was she so much bored by her old solitude as by this "true loneliness of never being alone." And then, says the writer indignantly, though rather incomprehensibly we own, "As if it were not enough to steep her to the lips in strangeness—strange duties, strange habits, strange hopes and fears for a future yet hidden away in a darkness far deeper than that of the grave—it is her fate to be removed away from every family scene, as if she were plague-spotted, and as if her own household had disowned her." The last few words sound most uncommonly like nonsense, and any bride who should be so foolish as to feel herself plague-spotted or cast off, because she had gone away with her husband instead of staying quietly at home, would deserve to be divorced on her return. But though the authoress has put the case somewhat hyperbolically, as it is the wont of authoresses to do, it is not difficult to see that there may be a basis of fact and reason for her gloomy picture. People no doubt make the most dreadful blunders in the arrangement of these memorable excursions. The most common and the most conspic-

ous of them is to go on the Continent. As a rule, a newly-married couple could scarcely do a more rash and ill-considered thing. The tremendous revolution in thoughts and habits which cannot but ensue from the new state of things is quite bad enough, without adding to the strangeness and novelty by surrounding the already bewildered bride with the unusual customs and mysterious ordinances of Continental hotels. The ways of foreigners are not as our ways. The presence of men where at home the service is performed by women, the presence of people under circumstances in which at home one is accustomed to their absence, the horribly deficient accommodation in the shape of dressing-rooms and baths, and a variety of startling usages *quos dicere versu non est*, combine to make a sojourn in all but a very few Continental hotels rather a serious trial. Even to a man it is trying. The bridegroom may be nearly as much harassed as his less audacious companion. Still, hers is the harder part. It is sometimes said that it would be much more sensible to bring English girls up on Continental principles, and that we should do better to cultivate their delicacy up to a much less sensitive point. Our assailants maintain that a great deal of what we prize is no more than a useless fringe of delicacy, which we might strip off without any loss to real purity, and with the greatest increase in freedom and comfort. This may be, or it may not. Whether the foreign fashion of recognizing facts which in this country we are accustomed to conceal be an improvement or not, there is certainly no likelihood of the slightest change taking place in the present generation. Perhaps those who are brides now, recollecting their own sorrows and discomforts, may bring up their daughters on revolutionary principles. Meanwhile the fact remains that to an English lady, brought up with English notions and English habits, the Continent is by no means a pleasant place for travel with a strange husband. She may not talk moonshine to herself about being "plague-spotted" or "disowned by her family," but there still will probably be many moments when she would give worlds to be back again even in the dulllest of English homes.

But, in arranging a honeymoon, is not all travelling about from place to place a clear blunder? Travelling has a fearfully trying effect on the temper with most people. It makes them peevish and hasty. They never succeed in getting the luggage and the tickets fairly off their minds, or else they show a fatuous indifference about them which is

for ever causing all sorts of confusion and horrid discomfort. Many people, too, who are thoroughly agreeable in an ordinary way, display the strangest and most unsuspected traits when they find themselves among unfamiliar faces. They begin to give themselves curious airs, as if they were persons of quality and consequence in disguise; or they shrink timorously or defiantly into the depths of their inner selves. Then, again, frequent change of scene does not agree with everybody. Most English people are dreadfully worried by being transplanted from one place to another. Those who shine most brilliantly at their own firesides become clouded over elsewhere, and repeated changes literally submerge them in gloom and moodiness. All this shows that for two people to set off on a trip which entails a number of longish journeys, and a great variety of stopping-places, is not the proper plan for allowing each to see the best of the other; because not one person in a thousand is seen at his best when travelling, and a great many are seen at their very worst. At the same time it is possible to fall into a grievous mistake on the other side. Seeing the discomforts of taking a newly-married wife to a series of foreign hotels, some men esconce themselves in sequestered dells and remote spots in the country or by the seaside. Here you may, perhaps, have leisure to discover and contemplate the good points of your companion. Only the leisure too often proves thoroughly disproportionate to the good points. The good points are not adequate to filling up all the time, and then, unfortunately, the margin of time unoccupied fills itself up by the discovery of bad points. The happy couple forget that the person you like best in all the world may still upon occasion have the power of boring you as frightfully as the person you most dislike. In one of Miss Braddon's novels a situation of this sort is made to lead up to a fearful catastrophe, in the form of a prolonged estrangement between husband and wife. Instead of going to some place where there is plenty of life and diversion, the hero is induced by a treacherous friend to spend his honeymoon in a place where he and his wife see no faces but their own for five or six weeks. Of course, the design of the treacherous friend is accomplished perfectly. At the end of the time, the bride can scarcely endure the sight of her new lord, and the new lord, though too thick-headed to be distinctly bored, feels that something has gone seriously wrong between them. And the case is, doubtless, not uncommon

in real life. Two people must have a very extraordinary amount of internal resources to go and spend five or six weeks together in some place which is indescribably pretty and romantic, but at the same time very lonely and very dull. Of course, if they work at science or history or philosophy for five or six hours a day, they may get on very well. A walk together and dinner together after this would not be likely to pall. But then the majority of brides and bridegrooms take no interest whatever in science or philosophy, or solid pursuits of any kind. If they cannot spend the time in amusement or business or conversation, or thinking about amusement or business, they fall into the grasp of a gigantic ennui. Except in the case of two very strong and cultivated minds, there can scarcely be a more fatal blunder than the attempt to enjoy unmixed bliss in a lonely honeymoon. When two people have a long common past to look back upon together, it is different. But looking forward together to a long common future is marvellously unsatisfactory, after a very short time. The future has nothing tangible and certain as the past has; so the two minds roam vacantly through space, wishing it were dinner-time. The Duke was perhaps right when he declared that:—

Such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.

But when the lover has become the husband, after a prolonged honeymoon in a dull and lonely place, the constant image may absolutely generate an unstaid skittishness, if not downright ill-humour and weariness.

Some of the misery which the novelist from whom we have quoted describes so magnificently is due to the teachings of others of her own craft. Marriage is the chief among many things which nearly all novelists love to paint in false colours. They talk tolerably rationally about the relations of parent and child, and brother and sister, but that of husband and wife is invariably veiled by a thick haze of delusive sentiment. And novelists are not the only persons to be blamed. Perhaps human nature, or that fragment of it which is developed in the bosoms of young ladies, has something to do with the case. Girls resolutely refuse to believe that the future life with their lover will be a more or less faithful reproduction of the lives of the father

and mother. A happy buoyancy supports them against the discouraging persuasions of reason and experience. The period of courtship may do something to dispel the illusion, but unless the honeymoon is contrived with an exceeding judiciousness, it is then that the truth really dawns. The man finds that his wife is only a grown-up girl, after all; and the woman, that the husband cannot always preserve the attractions of the lover. So far, therefore, the honeymoon may be "discomfortable." But, fortunately, the discomfort rights itself. The happy couple get views which are more useful for the rest of their lives. And such couples are often sadly in need of it. In England, our national reserve keeps the transcendental nonsense which fills the minds of extremely young folk from coming out very strongly. But in the United States they are more freespoken. There two people can be found to insist on being married up in a balloon, among "God's clouds." Having taken pen and ink with them, moreover, they sign a superb declaration to the effect that—

Presenting ourselves, fully impressed with the sublime presence of God and the joyous spiritual beings of His creation, heartily appreciating heaven's highest vouchsafed happiness, the blessed union of two souls in purity and glowing love, emanating from the eternal fountain of truth and wisdom, hence deriving some primitive conception of the magnitude of Deity-inspired unceasing humanity, endowed with powers and attributes evermore approximating Divinity, with assurances that uninterrupted progress remains dependent upon genial social relations, and possessing the approving sanction of cherished friends, we do now henceforth evermore give and devote, accept and receive, each other in holy wedlock; and we solemnly and unreservedly avow and promise that we will love, honour, and cherish each other as husband and wife during our whole existence; and in the express language of Holy Writ, we hopefully pray, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It is easy to believe that, in this case at all events, when they returned to earth, the "aspect of things, like an unaired robe, struck coldly against their hearts." It may be suspected that, when the honeymoon is a failure, the result is due either to an extravagant transcendental pitch of mind of this kind, which must always end in vexation, or else to some mistake in selecting the place and manner in which the time is to be passed. It is not certain, though, that something may not be said for a plan suggested in an American story. The

bride and bridegroom go quietly home and begin home-life the day they are married, and take a honeymoon trip some six months afterwards, when they have had time to get accustomed to one another. Only this is not a honeymoon, and he would be an audacious social leveller, with need of oak and triple brass about his breast, who should dare to suggest the abolition of the mystic institution.

From the Spectator.

MOZART'S LETTERS.*

WE should be disappointed were we to look for the same kind of interest in Mozart's as in Mendelssohn's letters. The circumstances of the two lives were different. Different worlds surrounded the two men. Mendelssohn was happy, fortunate, appreciated. Mozart's sunny temperament gave way under the pressure of sorrow, ill-luck, and ill-treatment. He started in life badly, and he never made up his arrears. From the first he was the slave of a cruel master, and no better master would have pity on him and release him. When at last he was forced to renounce that service, he had only the most precarious support to depend upon, pupils who were capricious, and compositions that were not certain of acceptance. It is a miserable spectacle, the career of a man whom everybody now reverences as one of the greatest of musicians, but who was condemned to failure and poverty all his life, and whose very grave is unknown to this day.

Nevertheless, we think Dr. Nohl has done us a service by collecting these letters, and Lady Wallace a service by translating them. Both editor and translator have their faults. Dr. Nohl should have added more explanatory notes, and should not have left the reader to supplement Mozart's letters by one of the lives of Mozart. One of the doctor's omissions, which we have had occasion to trace, is fatal to the interest of the letter in which it occurs, and many such would seriously injure the collection. Writing of the Archduke Maximilian, Mozart says, "Stupidity peers out of his eyes." Now in the original of this letter the words "Archduke" and "stupidity" are in cipher, a fact we learn from Dr. Nohl himself in the notes to his *Life of Beethoven*. But

* *The Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart* (1769-1791). Translated from the collection of Ludwig Nohl by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

surely such a fact ought to be stated in its own place; it adds greatly to the value of Mozart's letters; it is apt to be overlooked in notes at the end of another man's life. Lady Wallace's faults are of another order. She is, generally speaking, one of our best translators from the German, but she is apparently less familiar with Italian. In Letter 11, "*Sentimmo la messa cantata*" ought to be, "we heard the mass chanted," not "the chanted mass," and "*Campidoglio*" is generally known in English as "Capitol." Again, "*jeri l' altro*" is the day before yesterday, not the other day; and "*deutscha Compositor*" (*patois*) stands for a German, not a good, composer. If Lady Wallace means to imply that German and good are synonymous, we must beg to differ from her; but as we presume this mistake is merely a slip of the pen, we pass it with a slight protest. In other parts we find that she has softened down Mozart's phrases almost unnecessarily. One passage, meant to be unusually emphatic, as it is written large in the original manuscript and printed in small capitals by Dr. Nohl, is not marked at all in the English. Mozart tells a story of an infamous case of official brutality at Innsbrück. A noble abused the manager of a theatre in the street, and followed up the abuse by a blow. On the manager returning this he was taken to the House of Correction by a party of soldiers, and given fifty blows with a stick. "At the fifth blow," says Mozart, "his trousers were in pieces;" but this most significant touch, which lights up the whole atrocity of the scene, is left out by Lady Wallace.

Even if this whole story had been left out, there would be enough in these letters to show the chaos existing in Germany before the French Revolution. Mozart began life as concert master to the Archbishop of Salzburg, at the magnificent salary of twelve florins and a half yearly. In order that he might not apply for an increase, his master always proclaimed that he knew nothing, and that he ought to go to a training school to learn music. "The slavery of Salzburg," that "beggary Court," the Archbishop "playing the great man with me," are significant phrases. But when the Archbishop took Mozart to Vienna in his suite the slavery was more pronounced, and the beggary (though of course Mozart's salary had been increased) was quite as conspicuous. The Archbishop treated Mozart as a lackey, would not allow him to give a concert for his own benefit, quarrelled with him because he was not ready to leave Vienna at a moment's notice, and

at last drove him out of his service with the foulest abuse. "All the edifying things the Archbishop said to me, and the pious epithets this admirable man of God applied to me," writes Mozart, "had such an effect on my bodily frame that the same evening at the opera I was obliged to go home in the middle of the first act in order to lie down, for I was very feverish, trembled in every limb, and staggered in the street like a drunken man." No wonder that the Archbishop considered him "a most self-sufficient young man." Basil Hall makes a captain roar with laughter at the idea of a midshipman having any feelings, and in the eighteenth century a musician who could object to such mild phrases as rogue, rascal, ragamuffin, was evidently unfit to serve a prince. It was no doubt this overstrained delicacy in Mozart that hindered all other princes from taking him into their employment. He had many admirers, but few supporters. Gluck and Haydn could afford to praise him without reserve, and a travelling pianist, after watching him play, exclaimed, "Good heavens! how I do labour and overhear myself without getting any applause, while to you, my dear friend, it seems all child's play." But when Salieri applauded openly, it was in order to intrigue, in private, and his epitaph on Mozart ran, "The loss of so grand a genius is much to be deplored, but it is fortunate for us that he is dead, for if he had lived longer we really should not have been offered a crust of bread for our compositions." The Elector of Bavaria asked, "Who could believe that such great things could be hidden in so small a head?" but would not give the small head a chance of taking off its hat in Munich. Prince Kaunitz said of Mozart that "Such people only come into the world once in a hundred years, and must not be driven away from Germany, more particularly when we are so fortunate as actually to enjoy their presence in the capital." But had Prince Kaunitz already lost his influence with the Emperor, and could he do nothing more than talk in favour of Mozart?

While such was the state of German patrons, the rest of the country was equally in darkness. After trying several Courts without success, Mozart turned his eyes to France or England. "If Germany will not accept me," he says, "then in God's name let France or England be enriched by one more German of talent, to the disgrace of the German nation!" The opera at Vienna was given up to the Italians. "It would be thought an everlasting blot on

Germany if we Germans were ever really to begin to think in German and to act like Germans, to speak German, and above all, to sing in German!" But in what we are apt to consider the national peculiarities of Germany the eighteenth century eclipsed the nineteenth. In matters of paternal government and tardiness of locomotion even Germany has made great improvements. When Mozart wished to marry against the will of his future mother-in-law, she threatened a resort to the ubiquitous police. "Have the police really the power to enter any house they please?" he asks. We did not know their right had ever been contested. The use of ciphers in Mozart's letters prove that they were liable to be opened at the post office, and when he writes to announce his quarrel with the Archbishop of Salzburg, he says significantly, "I write this in our native German tongue, *that the whole world may know*." This clause would hardly have been needed if the post office was proof against official curiosity. As for the travelling of those days it must have been unendurable. A carriage was detained a quarter of an hour outside a city because the gates were under repair. The conveyance by which Mozart went from Paris to Strasburg took ten days on the road, never changing horses, and setting off sometimes at two in the morning. Owing to the constant stoppages, the expense of living on the road made the diligence dearer than posting, as it was also the custom to treat the conductor at all the inns. The roads were so bad that it was impossible to sleep in night travel; "the carriage jolted our very souls out, and the seats were as hard as stone. From Wasserburg I thought I never could arrive in Munich with whole bones, and during two stages I held on by the straps, suspended in the air, and not venturing to sit down." The truth of these descriptions may be certified by Mozart's English biographer, Mr. Holmes, who states, in his *Ramble among the Musicians of Germany* (1828), that the diligence took six days from Munich to Vienna. Nothing on the way but beer-houses and the most lenient entertainments; in three days they only had one solitary dish of veal, bread and beer being all they could count upon regularly. Mr. Holmes also bears witness to the state of the roads; "such malignant bumps are inflicted on the inferior part of the traveller's person in the

many sharp descents and abrupt rises of the roads there, that, seated in a diligence, he is incontinently jerked into the arms of a lady opposite." No doubt this was a necessary preparation for writing the life of Mozart.

These letters throw so much light on the external state of the times, that we have neglected their still more valuable additions to our knowledge of the character of their author. In many of them Mozart, both as man and composer, stands clearly before us. His knowledge of his own powers and his trust in them were proper pride with the genius without which they would have been vanity. He could not help despising many of his contemporaries when he saw their inferiority to himself, and how they were preferred to him. Occasionally he showed this contempt by an open sarcasm, which rankled all the more for its truth. The victims of his epigrams might say, —

"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli;"

— but if they could not refute him they could intrigue against him, and dullness in high places was naturally leagued with its brothers and subordinates. In these letters we see Mozart's spirit gradually giving way. The cheerful nonsense of his earlier letters yields to gloom or bitterness. He was worked and worried to death. With a temperament alive to the slightest changes, and affected keenly by pleasures; a fiery spirit that would have fretted a less puny body to decay, and a genius that was perpetually yoked to the dullest round of musical lessons; enemies that harassed him, and friends that preyed on him; an eternal want of pence, and a critic pen of his own that would not suffer him to write down to the tastes which had pence to bestow, — it would be strange if his familiar letters did not reflect his troubles, and partake of the despondency which more than once beset him. We cannot justly say that we wish they were pleasanter reading, for every line that flowed from Mozart, whether on plain or ruled paper, must be pleasant to read or to hear. But we wish they had been pleasanter to write, and that their subject-matter had not been the cause of so much pain to a man for whom we feel such admiration and such love.

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From the Spectator.

THE ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.*

Dr. LIVINGSTONE's name is a guarantee for the fidelity of his book. It is true he shovels out information, with facts and suggestions tumbling over each other in exquisite confusion, but his facts are worth knowing, and his suggestions worth heeding. We are not sure it is not rather pleasant than otherwise to meet occasionally with an author who has so much worth saying, that he is rather careless how he says it. The main object of the Zambesi expedition is stated clearly enough. Dr. Livingstone and those who went out with him were instructed to "extend the knowledge already attained of the geography and mineral and agricultural resources of Eastern and Central Africa," and also in various ways to become better acquainted with the natives, induce them to cultivate their lands more largely, with a view to their engaging in commerce with England, supplying us with raw material in return for British manufactures, and to ascertain the actual condition of the slave trade, and by promoting other sources of profit to check it as far as possible. Their first object on reaching the East Coast (May, 1858) was to explore the Zambesi, its mouths and tributaries, "with a view to their being used as highways for commerce and Christianity to pass into the vast interior of Africa." It seems to have been long the policy of Portuguese officials in Africa to mislead the English as to the true mouth of the Zambesi, in order that slaves might be quietly shipped from it whilst the English cruisers were watching elsewhere. In settling the Kongone Harbour as the true one, Dr. Livingstone has rendered an important service to European enterprise. He has obtained the key of a door through which not a few will probably hereafter wish to enter. Familiar as Dr. Livingstone must be with African scenery, its beauty seems to him ever fresh. The immense height of many of the trees covered with creeping plants reminded him in the distance, he tells us, of the steeples of his native land, and gave "relish to the remark of an old sailor, that but one thing was wanting to complete the picture, and that was a grog-shop near the church." As they penetrated further inland, and came upon the native villages, the travellers were

evidently more and more impressed with the fertility of the soil and its undeveloped sources of wealth. Gold is washed for in beds of rivers within two miles of Tette, coal and rich iron ore are to be found to any amount, whilst the cotton seed taken out by Dr. Livingstone was found unnecessary, from the fact that the cotton already introduced was equal if not superior to the common American, and far above that produced in India, but we gather from the narrative that two causes were at work to prevent anything like extensive cultivation of any of these sources of wealth. There seems no want of industry among the native population, but in the absence of the civilization which creates artificial wants, the extreme fertility of the soil supplies with little cost of labour all the requirements of the negro, whilst the slave trade effectually checks his desire to cultivate for the sake of commerce. Dr. Livingstone's simple description of the valley of the Shire speaks more than twenty blue-books of the way this curse of slavery eats as a canker at the heart of every enterprise. When he passed through in 1859 the Upper Falls of the Shire were studded with villages placed in picturesque spots among the hills, filled with busy inhabitants, eager to do business with the strangers and exchange food for calico. The soil was extensively cultivated, the people working in iron, cotton, and basket-making. And besides the ordinary crops of millet, beans, maize, &c., cotton was cultivated in almost every village, one kind, called the "Tonje manga," or "foreign cotton," being of excellent quality, and "considered in Manchester nearly equal to the best New Orleans." Every village has its smelting-house, its charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths, and the inhabitants manufacturing crockery, and carrying on a good native trade between the villages "in tobacco, salt, dried fish skins, and iron; the people intelligent, and good-looking, not in the least to be judged by the low type of negroes on the immediate coast." Evidently the peaceful beauty of the scene, as he surveyed it from the hills, and the quiet well-to-do condition of the people, gave a tinge even of bitterness to the memory, as the good Doctor recalled the crowded lanes and squalid poor of many a well-remembered alley in our crowded cities at home. "Here is room enough, and to spare," he seems to have said to himself, "while they perish for hunger;" but passing through this same valley in 1863, the scourge of slave war had passed over the country, and it was a miserable scene of desolation, the vil-

*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-1864. By David and Charles Livingstone. With Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1865.

lages deserted or burnt, and miserable skeletons often the only trace that human beings had been there. Dr. Livingstone, whose imagination never outruns his judgment, calmly asserts that so much murder is involved in the very carrying on of the trade, that "it is certain not more than one in five ever reach their 'kind masters' in Cuba or elsewhere." Without fairly facing the enormous evils resulting from the slave trade, thus carried on in great measure by half-caste Portuguese or Portuguese convicts against Portuguese laws, but with the connivance of Portuguese officials, it would be impossible fairly to estimate the importance of the discovery of Lake Nyassa by Dr. Livingstone, or of his suggestions concerning it. It appears that "the trade of Cazembe and Katanga's country, and of other parts of the interior, crosses Nyassa and the Shire on its way to the Arab port Kilwa and the Portuguese ports of Iboe and Mozambique." This trade at present consists chiefly of slaves, ivory, malachite, and copper ornaments. Dr. Livingstone suggests that "by means of a small steamer, purchasing the ivory of the lake and river above the cataracts," the slave trade would become unprofitable, as it seems it is only because the slaves carry the ivory three hundred miles further than this point, down to the coast, "that they do not eat up all the profits of the trip." A steamer thus placed, Dr. Livingstone considers, would also have immense influence over an enormous area of country. "The Magitu about the north end of the lake will not allow slave-traders to pass through their country, and would be efficient allies to the English." The population around the lake is dense, and they grow an abundance of cotton, which they can sell at a penny a pound, or less, and the conclusion Dr. Livingstone would evidently desire to force on his readers is, that at trifling expense the British Government might promote a thriving and legitimate trade, and supplant as well as suppress the present iniquitous slave traffic. We should do injustice to the work before us if we passed by the sketches of individual character with which its pages are enriched, and by means of which Dr. Livingstone has done more to bring us into personal acquaintance with the natives of the villages through which he passed, than he could have done by a far more elaborate description of their habits and social condition. We study these little pen-and-ink photographs, and recognize the great family likeness which we, in our ignorance or our

pride, sometimes fancy obliterated. Sekeletu is not the less an able chief that he wonders if cannon could not blow away the Victoria Falls, and possibly whiter men than Chibisa have shared his faith in the divine right of kings, and might not think his somewhat *naïve* expression of them as altogether absurd.

"He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died and left him the chieftainship, but directly he succeeded to the high office he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back. He felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom, and people then began to fear and reverence him. He mentioned this as one would a fact of natural history, any doubt being quite out of the question."

Valuable hints with regard to African missions are scattered throughout the work. Dr. Livingstone evidently deeply regrets the abandonment of the mission of the Universities by the present bishop, and has, we think, completely lifted from Bishop Mackenzie's name the cloud which rested on his reputation as a man of sound wisdom as well as genuine piety.

Believing, with all men who have really studied the subject, that none but the best men are worth sending, that the talk about sacrificing valuable lives for mere heathen is nothing but talk, the result of slovenly and indolent thinking, that the highest nature can always stoop the most easily, and those who grasp any truth most accurately can always define it most simply, —

"The qualities [says Dr. Livingstone], required in a missionary leader are of no common kind. He ought to have physical and moral courage of the highest order, and a considerable amount of cultivation and energy, balanced by patient determination. Above all these are necessary a calm Christian zeal and anxiety for the main spiritual results of the work."

Such a man was Bishop Mackenzie. He died in the trenches, but his name is not likely soon to be forgotten.

Dr. Livingstone is seldom eloquent, but he is always graphic. Take this description of the contrast between African and European scenery: —

"Nearly all the mountains in this country are covered with open forest and grass, in colour, according to the season, green or yellow. Many are between 2,000 and 3,000 feet high, with the sky-line fringed with trees; the rocks show just sufficiently for one to observe their stratification or their granitic form, and though

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not covered with dense masses of climbing plants, like those in moister eastern climates, there is still the idea conveyed that most of the steep sides are fertile, and none give the impression of that barrenness which, in northern mountains, suggests the idea that the bones of the world are sticking through its skin."

Space alone forbids our touching on Zumbabo and its ruins, with all the associations which are linked around it, but we commend the subject to those who wish a fresh field of thought. In his description of the great Victoria Fall, where, into "a chasm twice the depth of the Niagara Fall, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar," he has made figures alone eloquent, and retires in self-imposed insignificance behind his measuring rod. Why waste words when the imagination hears only the roar of many waters? It is always thus with this man; he himself forgets the discoverer in the discovery, and we recognize him the more eagerly.

From the Reader.

MENDELSSOHN.

WHILST waiting for the life of Mendelssohn, which is understood to be in preparation by his son, such an anecdote as the following cannot fail to be welcome. It appeared originally in a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*, with the signature "Sch. B." and has all the air of being authentic:—

"The object of these lines is not to speak of Mendelssohn as a composer, but to preserve from oblivion a little passage in his life; and thus to lay a late though not unavailing garland on his grave. It was in the hot summer of 1842 that he arrived at Zurich on his way from the Alps. No sooner was his name announced in the *Tageblatt* than his hotel was besieged by a crowd of the most prominent musicians and amateurs of Zurich, eager to invite him to their houses. To all, however, he returned a courteous but firm refusal. The object of his journey to Switzerland was the restoration of his health, already severely menaced; and the physicians had absolutely forbidden him all exertion or excitement. Amongst his visitors was the director of the Blind Asylum, who represented to

him that some of the patients of that institution were remarkable for their musical talent; and that their songs and choruses had been received with much favour by the public; but that he was anxious for the opinion of a really competent musician, both on the abilities and the performance of his pupils. 'I have refused all other invitations,' said Mendelssohn, 'but to your blind people I will come.' And come he did. The spectacle of the sightless assembly struck him, and he addressed them in the kindest terms. Some of their compositions were then performed. Score in hand, he listened, evidently interested and touched. He was especially pleased by a chorus of more pretension than the rest. He said something in its praise, particularly commending certain passages, and then told the director that there was no doubt as to the ability of the writer—that he hoped he would go on working, and compose to words of more importance. Seeing a correction in the score, he asked whose it was: and on being told, said, laughing and in the kindest way, 'The alteration is quite right, and makes the passage more strictly correct, but it is better and more striking before;' and then, turning to the blind man, he said, 'Take care that your corrections are always improvements—a cultivated ear wants no rules, but is its own rule and measure.' At length, to complete the delight of the party—not one of whom had had the courage to ask such a favour—he himself begged permission to play them something on the piano. He sat down, and played one of those wonderful free fantasias of his, with which he used so often to enchant his friends. Imagine how the countenances of his blind hearers lighted up, when in the midst of the piece they heard him introduce the chief subject of the chorus they had just been singing! We could all of us have taken him in our arms and pressed him to our hearts! He took his leave with the warmest wishes for the success of the institution and the prosperity of the patients. None of us ever met him again, and in a few years he was removed by death; but he lives, and will live, in his splendid works, no less than in the memory and affection of those who saw and heard him.

"The blind man to whom he spoke so kindly is still an inmate of the asylum. He has preserved the chair which the composer used, as a precious relic; and calls it 'the Mendelssohn chair.'"

THE MOSES OF FREEDOM.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

["I, Andrew Johnson, hereby proclaim liberty, full, broad, and unconditional liberty, to every man in Tennessee! I will be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of struggle and servitude to a future of liberty and peace! Rebellion and Slavery shall no more pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone govern the State." — *Andrew Johnson, Nashville, Oct. 24, 1864, and April 3, 1865.*]

"Twas a brave day in Nashville,
And brave it well might be,
When twice five thousand freedmen
Came up from Tennessee;
And Andrew Johnson bade them
Bless God that they were free!
His words to all those freedmen
Were sweet as life could be,
Sweet as our dear Lord's gospel
In wondrous Galilee:
"I, Andrew Johnson, hereby
Proclaim" (so thundered he),
"Full, broad, and unconditional,
The rights of liberty"
(Thus spoke the chief) "to every man
In the land of Tennessee!
And I will be your Moses,
And lead you through the sea, —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

Oh! 'twas a thing to glad you,
A thing to make you weep,
To see ten thousand slaves arise,
Like Samson from his sleep,
And over their whips and fetters
Like children dance and leap!
To see their faith, so childlike,
As up from Slavery's rack
Arose the branded forehead,
Arose the bended back,
And the soul emerged, in sunlight,
Beyond its temple black
To hear bold Andrew Johnson
Proclaim, with voice so free,

"True men alone, whether white or black,
Shall govern Tennessee!
And I will be your Moses!
And lead you through the sea —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

Oh, what a throb of life-blood
Thrilled up from Tennessee,
When all those loyal freedmen,
With shouts of childlike glee,
Cried out to Andrew Johnson,
"Our Moses thou shalt be!"
Oh, what a sound of gladness!
A crash, like breaking chains,
A flash, as of fire electric,
That flooded heart and veins!
When Andrew Johnson answered,
"So be it! as God ordains!
No longer shall rebellion,
No more shall slavery
(Thus spoke bold Andrew Johnson),
Pollute our Tennessee!
For I will be your Moses!
To lead you through the sea, —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

"Back to their homes deserted,
And back to life-long toil,
The branded brows, the bending necks,
The yearning souls, recoil;
They wait for Andrew Johnson
On all the Southern soil.
Behind them lies their bondage,
And there the Red Sea rolls;
The Wilderness before them
Unwinds its desert scrolls;
They wait for Andrew Johnson,
With dumb and tearful souls!
In all the fair, wide Southland
They wait on weary knee
For him who bade them trust him, —
For him who said, "Be free!
And I will be your Moses,
To lead you through the sea, —
Through the Red Sea of servitude,
To a future of liberty!"

—From the *Right Way*.